

Evelyn E. Lee.

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AS I REMEMBER

GIRTON COLLEGE

BY E. E. CONSTANCE JONES

IN THE "BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN" SERIES
CONTAINING SIXTEEN PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,
EIGHT OF THEM IN COLOUR

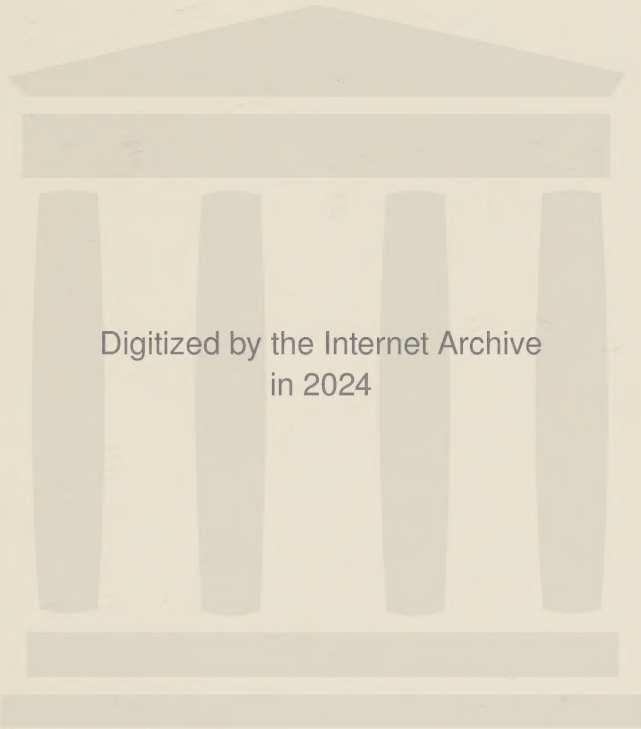
Large square demy 8vo. Bound in cloth.

This volume gives an account of the origin, growth, and present working and condition of the first University College for Women which aimed definitely, from the beginning, at University rank.

The illustrations include views of the College buildings and garden, portraits of Founders and Benefactors, and a reproduction of Du Maurier's picture in *Punch* commemorating the achievement of Mrs. Montague Butler—(Miss Agnata Ramsay) wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—who was Senior Classic in 1887.

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MISS E. E. CONSTANCE JONES.

From the portrait painted by Sir John Lavery and presented to her by past and present students in 1916.

Miss Constance Jones gave the portrait to Girton College, and it now hangs in the dining hall of the College.

AS I REMEMBER

An Autobiographical Ramble

BY

E. E. CONSTANCE JONES

D.LITT.

LATE MISTRESS OF GIRTON COLLEGE

WITH A PREFACE BY THE

VERY REV. WILLIAM RALPH INGE,

D.D., C.V.O.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON

"I have lived. I praise and adore Thee."

HENRY NEWBOLT.

A. & C. BLACK, LTD.

4, 5 & 6 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1

1922

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A PRAYER BY E. E. CONSTANCE JONES
FOR USE AT THE COMMEMORATION THANKSGIVING
SERVICE FOR MISS EMILY DAVIES

O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, who art the Fount of Life, the source of Virtue and Happiness, of Truth and Beauty, the Giver of all good, we praise Thee for Thy gifts to men, of Faith and Knowledge, of Courage and Hope, of that most excellent gift of Charity which is the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

And we thank Thee, Lord, for all those men and women, helpers of their fellows, Thy faithful servants, who have in some measure and degree worked for the good of others in the spirit of Christ's teaching. For one among these—Emily Davies—we desire to-day to lift up our hearts with special thankfulness and praise, remembering her true service to the community by her great work for bettering the education of women, for enlarging their opportunities, and for raising their civic status—thus opening to them treasures of wisdom and knowledge and giving a new consecration to their lives. We thank Thee that to such service she dedicated her life and powers, her insight and imagination, her energy, courage and rare intelligence, with whole-hearted devotion and a faith that never failed. We give thanks for this great and good woman—for what she was and for what she did; for all those who were faithful fellow-workers with her in the great causes which she had at heart; and for the fullness of success that Thou didst grant.

We pray Thee, O God and Father, to give vigour to our thankfulness that it die not away without fruit. May we too, in Thy strength, follow a noble vision, achieve patience in well-doing, and help to bring in Thy Kingdom.

We praise and bless Thee, O Lord, for all Thy goodness.

PREFACE

THIS little book really needs no introduction. It speaks for itself, and reveals the character of the writer. The late Head of Girton College had one of the strongest intellects among the women of her generation. The treatise on Logic, of which she speaks so modestly, is considered by experts an important contribution to a science on which the outsider might suppose that there was not much new to be said. As a teacher of philosophy her work was naturally expository and critical rather than constructive, but her vigorous and lucid mind always made itself felt, both in lecture and in conversation.

Unlike some intellectual women, she was never formidable, but charming in every kind of company. Her love of children was a touching feature in an unmarried lady, and they loved her in return. This little autobiography bears witness to the simple and kindly nature of one who loved to keep her memory green for all the haunts and scenes of her own childhood, down to the time when she devoted herself with unswerving loyalty to the great College which will always cherish her memory. Tales of her wonderful generosity to the College and its members are current; but she would not wish this to be made public. It is, however, legitimate to say that her acts of kindness were made more gracious by the individual thoughtfulness and sympathy which they always showed; whether she was helping an impecunious student or making a present to a sick child, the personal note was always struck. Although she took her place easily in the learned society

Preface

of Cambridge, it is hard to say whether she was more admired for her brains or beloved for her heart.

Nothing is more striking in these pages than the rich variety of her interests. Clear thinking on deep subjects was her chief delight; but her mind was roomy enough to contain a keen love of rural nature, an interest in domestic and ecclesiastical architecture, in general literature, and especially in music.

It is curious to find that in early life her opportunities for self-culture by means of books were rigidly curtailed, as in the case of Mr. Edmund Gosse, and for the same reasons. Victorian Puritanism shuddered at the drama, and looked askance at fiction. It may be a consolation to parents to learn by such examples that with the best intentions they cannot do their children much harm. A good heredity will triumph over the most conscientious education.

To the innumerable friends of Miss Constance Jones this little book of her reminiscences will be a precious possession; and many who had not the privilege of knowing her will be able from it to understand the sweetening and stimulating influence which she had on the girls who were under her charge, and on the friends who delighted in her company.

I have before me a prayer which she wrote, shortly before her death, for use at the Commemoration Thanksgiving Service for Miss Emily Davies. The author of that prayer was, as her friends knew, a very true and devout Christian.

W. R. INGE.

St. Paul's,
August, 1922.

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AS I REMEMBER

I

CHILDHOOD—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

My earliest recollections are of an adorable mother, many brothers and sisters, a father of whom we were much in awe, and the remote country house in Herefordshire in which we lived, called Langstone, in the parish of Llangarron. It was a beautiful old house, said to have been built by Inigo Jones, with oak-panelled and plaster-panelled walls, ornamented ceilings, and a wide oak staircase from cellar to attic. The windows were originally casements with stone mullions, but my grandfather substituted sash windows to make the house lighter. There was a terraced approach, with a delightful pavement and flights of steps, leading up from iron entrance gates that stood between tall stone pillars.

The house was surrounded by the most wonderful trees—elms and immemorial oaks, ash, birch, walnut, sycamore, chestnut, great cedars of Lebanon, a towering Wellingtonia, and even a tulip tree. A dear little brook, the Garron, ran between the trees, winding its twisty way to the Wye, the big river of the countryside. I sometimes now, with closed eyes, see the wide vistas of green sloping down to the brook, beautiful

As I Remember

in the shining moonlight, with the trees and their shadows drawn in black and silver. In the garden we had the most magnificent barberry tree I have ever seen, and an immense magnolia which grew to the roof on the south side of the house.

The place seemed to overflow with wild flowers : never were woods so full of ferns, hedges so overgrown with honeysuckle, clematis, and dog-roses ; never grass plots so powdered with daisies, sunny banks so golden with celandines, meadows so rich with daffodils, lilac saffron, and wild hyacinth, woodlands so starry with the wild anemone, and river banks and sheltered hedgerows so gorgeous with the beautiful *Viburnum opulus*, so exquisite with forget-me-nots and those sweet white violets that "take the winds of March with beauty." The little school-children whom we met in our spring-time walks would offer us fragrant, short-stalked bunches which they seemed to have picked because they could not help it. And this woody region, with its brooks and wells, so remote from towns, was a paradise of birds—kingfishers, moorhens, green woodpeckers, jays, magpies, thrushes, robins, tits and wood-pigeons (quists, as we called them) without end. There were also water wagtails, wrens—both jenny-wrens and gold-crests—yellow-hammers, bullfinches, goldfinches, many many owls, and many other common birds, and once I saw a great black woodpecker with a red head in the grass courts by one of the tall stone pillars of the entrance gates. There was a delightful rookery in a group of great elms down by



LANGSTONE COURT, ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Looking down into the Park.

Childhood

the brook, near enough to the house for us to hear their "cawing"—one of the nicest sounds in the world—and to see them build their nests. Our youthful letters to friends, in the nesting season, mostly began, I believe, with "The rooks are building their nests."

In our childhood we had no near neighbours of the gentry class, except a stately and kind and very choleric old clergyman, who lived about a mile away at the top of Garron Hill, and the rector's family. With these we were intermittently friendly. And there were also some cousins, with whose father (a genuine miser of the old-fashioned sort) our father (who was the "squire" of the parish) was never, in my recollection, on speaking terms.

I was the eldest of ten children, one of whom—a little Catherine—died when a baby. We were rather interesting children, I think—very unlike each other, and with plenty of spirit, and my sisters were very pretty. Most of us were bright and lively enough, but I was the only one who started in life with an inexplicable love of books and hunger for knowledge. This has been my ruling passion—the very warp of life, a source of never-failing interest and delight.

We all adored my mother, and wanted nothing better than to be with her. I had a kind of idea that she was a typical mother—not that I ever put it to myself in that way, or ever thought anyone else's mother to be compared with ours—but, looking back now, I see that we did not realise how rare she was—we never thought of thinking about it—we just

As I Remember

accepted and enjoyed her delightfulness. She was of an extraordinarily sweet and sunny temper, extraordinarily patient and unselfish, faithful and affectionate, incapable of malice, incapable of rudeness. Full of fun and gentleness, she was ideal with children. When I think of her now, it does seem to me wonderful that anyone could have been so sweet. She was a splendid story-teller, and never did children have more heavenly times than we, when she told us Bible stories, or fairy tales, or tales from history—English, Scottish, or French—or from Scott's novels, or Dickens, or the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*, or tales from Shakespeare, or from Greek or Roman legend. She seemed to love telling them as much as we loved listening. I recollect on one occasion her sitting by the fire and reading to me, after I had gone to bed, the whole book of Esther, and my listening spell-bound and breathless to that wonderful dramatic story. She used to delight us, too, by her singing of enchanting old songs and ballads: *Oh dear, what can the matter be?* *The Mistletoe Bough*, *Gaily the Troubadour*, *There's nae luck about the house*, or the dear familiar Christmas hymns and carols. She played the harp better than any amateur I have ever heard (she had been a pupil of Chatterton's). One of my early remembrances is of following her about once when she was as busy as possible (this was before we had a governess) with a slate (children used to have slates in those days), and imploring her to give me some dictation. And of course she made time to do it, and, when

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my scrawl was looked over, praised my spelling. She was always full of sympathy, and ready with quick and generous encouragement.

She used often to tell us about her father, for whom she had a great affection and respect, and on whose sterling goodness and uprightness she loved to dwell. He was the "squire" of the Monmouthshire parish where he lived, which had for forty or fifty years as rector a Mr. Talbot, whose mother had been a Lady Elizabeth Somerset. This Lady Elizabeth used to say that my grandfather was just like the character depicted in the fifteenth Psalm: "He that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart . . . he that sweareth to his neighbour and disappointeth him not . . . he that hath not taken reward against the innocent." My grandfather attended so regularly and punctually at the village church that, if by any chance he was a minute late, the rector always waited until he appeared—as if it were the good squire's watch that was to be trusted rather than the church clock. This grandfather, Thomas Oakley (or Oakeley) came from Shropshire, and his family had lived for many generations at a place called Snakescroft. Their coat-of-arms (p. 94) was three snakes entwined, the crest an owl, the motto *Sapientia Dei donum*. When I was at Girton I had in one of my rooms a screen with these bearings beautifully worked by my mother, and I was often asked if it exhibited the College arms! The College, as a matter of fact, had no arms or crest, but I used to think that

As I Remember

my grandfather's would have been very appropriate for a place of learning.

My mother was one of those people who are innately and exquisitely honest, and she constantly tried to impress upon us a scrupulous respect for the belongings of others ; to repay punctually any small loan, and never to borrow anything, even for an hour, without the owner's leave. All this was not very easy in a rather scrambling household, but I think we never forgot her injunctions or her practice.

When I was about ten we had for some time as daily governess a nice young girl, daughter of a neighbouring farmer. She had been to some good school at Gloucester or Cheltenham, I believe. She was very pleasant and fresh and neat, and did her youthful best for us, including taking us for walks. She used sometimes to bring in a natty handbag a book which she sat and read, or tried to read, while we rushed about, or besieged her with questions. She was for us a most extraordinary novelty, but we liked her, and I think we all realised that she was as good as gold. I recollect that once she forgot her book, and I took it up and read some of it with intense and amazed interest. It was Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple*, the first novel, I imagine, that had ever been in my hands. It was with some perturbation that little Miss Street reclaimed her book. She was, I now fancy, doubtful whether it was quite the style of fiction suitable to a model little governess (early Victorian), and was probably aware that novels were not smiled on in our



The Entrance Hall.



The Drawing Room.

LANGSTONE COURT,

Childhood

house. It must have been later than this that, having found, somewhere about, the first volume of a copy of *Ivanhoe* (which had probably belonged to an uncle or aunt), I was reading it (absolutely entranced, of course), when it was ruthlessly taken from me and locked in a cupboard, and I was left in a sort of collapse—a misery too complete and hopeless for anger or for words. It was one of the cruellest and most crushing blows I have ever felt. Nearly half a century later I saw that very same old volume again, just where it had been put on the day when a wooden panel was interposed between Sir Walter's heavenly story and a broken-hearted would-be reader.

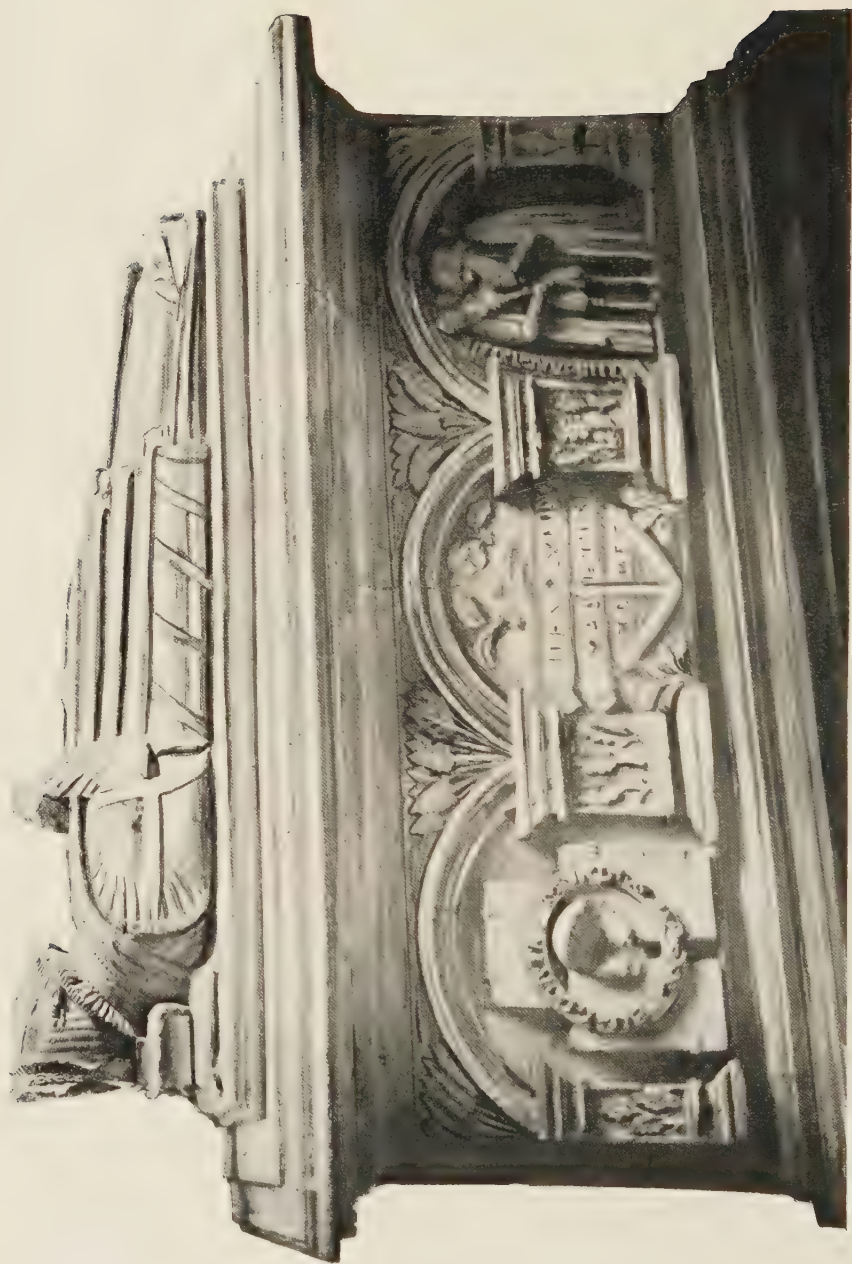
There were a lot of books in the house of one sort or another, but what with those that we must not touch on peril of our lives and those that no one could possibly want to read, there was not so very much left. Still there were some rather attractive lesson books like Mangnall's Questions, and Dr. Brewer, and an invaluable Geography in question and answer, bound in yellow leather, which impressed indelibly on our minds the chief towns in every county in England—somehow learning these was like a joke. We also had *Near Home* and *Far Off*, Miss Corner's *Histories* and some delightful books of story and adventure, Mrs. Trimmer's *History of the Robins*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Ministering Children*, *Ruth and her Friends*, *Jules Gerard the Lion Hunter*, *The Exiles of Siberia*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The King of the Golden River*.

The White-haired Witch of Briery Wood, in verse,

As I Remember

was simply splendid, and was read over and over again until it was almost worn to tatters. We certainly did have "a smart few" (as they say in Herefordshire) of very nice books, which we were allowed to read, but they were too soon exhausted. All "novels" were forbidden, including Scott—Shakespeare was not allowed in the house—Longfellow was banned. An uncle gave me a beautiful edition of Longfellow's poems, and *Evangeline* seemed to me enchanting, but the book was confiscated (temporarily) as not the right sort of stuff for a child to read. Foxe's *Martyrs*, a fully illustrated edition, was somehow accessible, and I still shudder at some remembrances of it.

I spent many happy hours reading a big dictionary (Dr. Johnson's, I think) and some old numbers of the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and (this must have been much later) *Essays and Reviews*. This and the *Quarterly* were, I believe, lent (not to me, of course) by the old clergyman on the hill. And there was a time when I used to creep at odd moments into the library, where my father often sat, and kneeling by the end of a long table, read with fearful joy in a thick green book of *Anecdotes* which had its place just at one of the corners of the table. It was the fattest-looking book I had ever seen. I think the anecdotes were all religious, and there was a section about the religious life of children. When long years afterwards I read William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, which was hailed as so fresh and original (as indeed it was), I felt as though I knew it all before,



Childhood

and I was able to explain the sense of familiarity by my early acquaintance with the copious records of abnormalities contained in the fat green book.

Of course I tried to read everything I came across. What attracted me most, I think, was poetry and fairy tales and stories—adventures with wolves, shipwrecks, and prairie fires. Like most children, I found poetry specially easy to learn, and loved ringing verses like Byron's *The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold*, Campbell's *Ten mariners of England*, Southey's *How does the water come down at Lodore?* Stories in verse like *Beddgelert* and *John Gilpin*, Gray's *Elegy* and Burns' *Daisy*, were other favourites, and some of Mrs. Hemans, Bishop Heber, and Dr. Watts' *Children's Hymns* and Keble's *Christian Year* (which was a great favourite of my mother's) we were fond of, and my sisters and I each possessed a copy, given by an Aunt Beatrice, mother's sister. Naturally, our preferences were limited by what came in our way. I believe I read most of the Bible through more than once; I certainly *began* it, with a view to reading it through, a great many times, and we used to hear it read twice every day and several times on Sunday. Though listening to it so much was sometimes rather a trial, I do not remember ever feeling tired of the Bible, and found the stories of the Old Testament and the New unfailingly interesting. At a later stage I was very fond of Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, which seemed to me a wonderful book and with the breath of another world about it.

As I Remember

We only knew one of our grandmothers—my mother's mother. This grandmama Oakeley was the dearest old lady, and we were all devoted to her—she loved children and they loved her. Her occasional visits were among the greatest pleasures of our life. This was when we were quite small, as she died some years before we went to the Cape in 1861. She used to come over from her house, Lydart, near Monmouth—a hilly drive of nearly twelve miles, in her old-fashioned closed carriage, with two big steady horses and a steady old coachman. At the first glimpse of her carriage coming into view up the drive the whole *posse* of children ran down the steps to greet her and watch her rather slow and ceremonious emergence from her chariot—it seemed nothing less to us. I believe we always thought the Lord Mayor's coach was after the same pattern. Then she would take her time to walk up the many steps to the front door. She had a delightful way of never being flustered, and when we went for little walks and she, being rather frail in health and rather stout, would be out of breath, she would quietly stop and say, "Now we will look at the view." She used to arrive almost snowed under by little paper cornets of sweets—sugared almonds and caraway comfits they always were—which were part (only a small part) of the reason why we were so delighted to see her. She had a most wonderful way of talking to and amusing children; she seemed to talk to us as if we were grown up, and used to teach us our letters and how to spell, cutting out words in big

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letters from her newspaper (the *Times*, I think). The result of this instruction was sometimes rather unexpected. For instance, one child would announce to another, "C-a-t spells dog." "Oh, no," would be the reply. "Yes, it does," persists the first little donkey, "grandmama says so." She was extraordinarily kind-hearted, and at the same time had very dignified ways. I recollect that she used to call my grandfather "Mr. Oakeley" when speaking to him. She had always to be waited for, and no one thought of hurrying her. On some occasion, when two ladies had called to see her, she was rather a long time before she came down, and they were a little put out and said sarcastically that they hoped she had not hurried. "Oh, no," said grandmama quite simply, "I never do!" She had been exquisitely pretty in her youth, and used to wear the most charming flowered muslin dresses and always a scarf or two, but it was from custom and not vanity. She was very proud, but not the least conceited. We—as children will—admired her not because she was delightful-looking, but because we were so fond of her.

She had learnt a little Latin in order to teach her eldest son when he was a very small boy, and, as I remember, she used to read the Psalms to herself in Latin every morning. She was also fond of reading Italian. I recollect her little thick volume of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. This grandmother's mother was a Miss Lewis of Llanrhymney Hall, on the edge of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, and kin to

As I Remember

Morgans of Tredegar, Herberts of Llanarth, Kemeys-Tyntes, and other South Welsh families. She was a far-away great-niece of Dr. David Lewis, Judge of Admiralty in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and first Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. He has a paragraph in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the Lewis pedigree is set out at length in Colonel Bradney's *County History of Monmouthshire*, and part of it in the article on the Herbert family in the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Dr. David Lewis' fine tomb, still in almost perfect preservation, is to be seen in the Lewis Chapel of the Priory Church at Abergavenny, well-known to archæologists for its wonderful collection of monuments, in wood and stone, of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. When the old Sir Charles Morgan, afterwards the first Lord Tredegar, had occasion to write to my grandfather (who was, I believe, a magistrate or Deputy-Lieutenant) he used to begin his letter with "My Dear Kinsman," in recognition of the connection between his family and my grandmother's.

Our little daily governess was succeeded by one who stayed in the house, and was very kind and bright and lively and friendly, and knew, I am sure, more than enough to teach such untrained little wretches. I know she helped to make it pleasant for us all, and I remember this more than anything about lessons. She might have taken a leaf out of Lord Beaconsfield's book, for she was so polite to everyone, and full of spontaneous compliments to the elders—innocent tactics which I

Cape of Good Hope

believe we children admired very much. But for all that she was brimming over with kindness and sincere goodwill. I only recollect one occasion on which she was ruffled and upset. It was when, having gone with some of us to luncheon at the house of a relative, she was relegated to the schoolroom! When we got home she wept bitterly, and felt that she had been very much insulted, and my dear mother did her best to comfort her with many kind and soothing words. I believe that on this occasion we were divided between thinking it "very silly of Miss Skipp" and "a great shame" of the aunt in question.

This arrangement came to an end in view of our migration to the Cape of Good Hope, which was an idea of my father's, and it was thought that for this adventure we must be provided with some one better equipped as a teacher, especially as regarded music and French. So after many inquiries and much correspondence our third instructress was selected.

As I remember her, she was a very capable and pleasant teacher, with many qualities which we were probably not at the time very capable of appreciating, and was a delightful pianist. We did not have her long, however, as she married soon after our arrival at the Cape.

Well, to continue, we all—father and mother and governess and nine children and two maids—embarked one autumn day in 1861 on board a fine sailing-ship, the *St. Lawrence*, bound for India *via* the Cape of Good Hope with a full complement of passengers,

As I Remember

including some soldiers and their officers. There were a good many passengers for the Cape, among whom was Lady Duff Gordon. Lady Duff Gordon's letters from the Cape were recently published, and I got a copy with great expectations, but they seemed to me very tame compared with what I remembered of the voyage. Of course she would look at things from a very different angle, and of course her letters and diary would be written with a discreet pen, but I do think she might easily have made them a little bit more lively. She herself was a very interesting figure, with a fine, rather noble, face. She had a soft felt hat like a man's, and a dark-grey sort of tweed dress that cleared the ground, and was entirely guiltless of "crinoline" (which was in fashion then), and wore a leather belt, and a whistle hanging from her waist, which she blew when she wished to summon her maid. She did not in the least seek popularity (which she could very easily have won), but I think she was very kind indeed to anyone whom she thought to be really in distress or in need of help.

Our captain was a very big man with a stentorian voice. He was a perfect autocrat, very able, and a first-rate navigator. In the ordinary routine of the voyage everything was managed to a pitch of perfection, and in emergencies—whether social, domestic, meteorological or navigational—our autocrat never failed to rise to the occasion. His eye and hand seemed everywhere, and his voice could outbid the storm. He had, I now think, the invaluable gift, or habit, of not

Cape of Good Hope

interfering unnecessarily. On Sunday morning he read the Church of England Service on deck, when a solemn and unusual effect was produced by large quantities of navy-blue tablecloths spread over everything available. The captain's manner was deeply serious ; his voice was good, if loud, his reading clear and distinct, but he had the strange peculiarity of invariably misplacing initial h's in the most emphatic way. Another thing that I remember about our captain was that he was a great chess player and played with a set of strong, large, serviceable wooden chessmen, black and white, which, when not in use, were tied up in a canvas bag. Chess was a very favourite game on the voyage, and some people had delightful little boards which would shut up, and which had a hole in every square, into which the men were pegged, so that they never rolled about, and the board could be shut up at any moment, leaving the men fixed in their places.

The change from our outwardly quiet and monotonous country life to prodigious packings and tearful leave-takings, journeys to London and our port of departure, and life on shipboard, among "new men, strange faces, other minds," was vivid and tremendous. The utmost extent of our travels previously had been to Malvern, Aberystwyth, and Edinburgh, and through parts of Wales. On all these expeditions, except to Edinburgh, we had travelled in a large carriage, with a pair of horses which miraculously seemed never to be sick or sorry. My father drove. He was very fond of driving, and having been for some years in the

As I Remember

Cape, drove loose rein downhill, to the terror of some of our friends, but we never had any serious accident, though many near shaves.

I do not remember ever feeling frightened, but perhaps I must have been, for long, long afterwards I used to have nightmare dreams of dashing with broken reins down some of the terrific Monmouthshire hills that were so familiar to my childhood.

Our sea journey began with adverse winds, which kept us beating about in the Channel for a week. The incident of this period, which seemed to have made the most lasting impression upon me, was the eau-de-Cologne with which we were deluged all the time that we were sea-sick. I can never now use it, or even think of it with pleasure—while of course I find many other scents, natural and artificial, delightful both in idea and in reality, such as lavender-water and wood violet, the Cape gardenias and moon flowers, the English jessamine and autumn clematis, and magnolia, honeysuckle and snowdrops, chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies.

I think that for us children the voyage was physically and mentally most health-giving. The captain used to rejoice openly at the sight of his child passengers, always hungry, and getting fatter and rosier day by day. He prided himself on his commissariat, and it was indeed excellent and abundant. And the cobwebs were swept out of our brains. Though we were children, we certainly had a cobweb or two. For instance, we had been used to hear—from an old



OUR HOUSE AT STELLENBOSCH.

From a water-colour drawing.

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nurse especially—most alarming ghost stories, and my childhood was haunted by terrors. There were two tall grandfather clocks in dark angles on the first and third landings of the staircase, and I always fancied when twilight came that there were “ghosts” in them, and could only go past with a struggle. You certainly could not easily imagine ghosts in a ship full of people, with sailors “holy-stoning” the decks, stewards (the ship’s servants) rushing hither and thither, waves dashing over the taff-rail, the captain shouting, theatricals and all sorts of games going on, and, deeply interesting even to us children, a romantic love affair which thrilled the poop deck—quite straightforward and really suitable, I believe, but disapproved of by the young lady’s parents, who locked her up in her cabin about the latitude of the equator. The poor little thing—very pale with lovely dark eyes—must have been nearly suffocated, but she held out, at any rate for some time, and one day when we happened to see a slender hand slipped through a slit of the venetians between her cabin and the corridor and fervently pressed by the hero of the tale, who was passing that way (we thought he ought to have kissed it, but then he was *so* tall), our sympathy rose sky-high. The discretion of the captain, however, knew no bounds. He would not interfere in family affairs, and the acute stage of interest somehow passed—there was so much else to think about.

When we were in the Cape there were no dark corners, and the only ghost I ever heard of in the village

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where we lived was one never seen or heard by human eye or ear, but firmly believed by a poor old "coloured" man to have stolen a paper of pins, which disappeared from a table in his cottage when he was out and the door was locked. So convinced and so frightened was he that he entirely forsook the cottage. New experiences, of course, kept crowding in upon one every day. But what cured me (theoretically) of believing in such things as ghosts that speak and rattle chains and slip through keyholes, was membership (many years later) of the Society for Psychical Research—a society that brought impartial and scientifically trained minds to the consideration of "spiritualistic" phenomena.

My mother was ill all through the two months' voyage, and had to be carried up and down between her cabin and the deck. But she, too, must have benefited by the sea journey, for after four years of the Cape climate, which she hated, we returned to England, and she lived to be over eighty years of age in wonderfully good health of mind and body—always cheerful and interested—no trouble, but always a pleasure to those around her. "She made a sunshine in a shady place."

We arrived at the Cape a little before Christmas, and found ourselves in the midsummer of the southern hemisphere, a hotter midsummer—not to say Christmas—than we had known before.

During the four years which we spent at the Cape we lived at Stellenbosch, about thirty miles from Cape Town, and called after the Dutch governor, Van der

Cape of Good Hope

Stell. It was a beautiful place, but we were always rather puzzled whether to call it a town or a village, because, although of considerable size (about 4,000 inhabitants, I think), there were very few shops, most of the houses being private residences. There were several "Sunday houses"—*i.e.*, houses belonging to well-to-do farmers of the district, who used them chiefly on Sundays, when they were accustomed to drive in for morning service in the Dutch language at the Dutch Reformed Church, having early dinner at the Sunday house afterwards, and often staying on till well into the afternoon, and sitting or standing about on the *stoep*. Just across the road from our house there was one of these "town houses," belonging to a Mr. Beyers—a fine-looking man, big and fair, of Dutch descent. We used to be much interested in observing the arrival and departure of the owners and their guests, their hearty greetings, and the friendly partings on the *stoep*, a raised terrace without balustrade running the length of the house and with steps up from the roadway. All the Stellenbosch houses, as I remember, were provided with this *stoep*, as it was always called, in front of the house, and in many or most of them there was a similar elevation at the back.

The township consisted chiefly of three long, parallel, and rather sloping streets, with a good deal of garden ground. In the middle street—Kerk Straate (Church Street) with the Dutch Church at the top—our house was situated. The streets had avenues of shady trees, and runnels of clear water flowing down each side.

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All this, with the quaint and very delightful architecture, made the place charming to the eye. The houses were thatched, and had only a ground floor and a loft (*solder*) under the roof. This helped to keep the house cooler in the hot weather, and was also a protection against fire on account of the thatched roofs. What to our English eyes was most striking in these houses was the *stoep*, the single story, the thatched roofs, and the gables—both the end gables and also, and particularly, gables over the entrance door.

These last were not only beautifully curved, but often ornamented as well, and sometimes carried up higher than the ridge of the roof, suggesting the front aspect of a lofty and imposing porch. Somewhat similar curved gables are to be seen here and there in our eastern counties, as well as in Holland and Belgium, which abound, I believe, in beautiful examples.

Our house, though in a street, was a detached building, and it had a convenient kind of annexe which we called a store. This house is fairly typical of many Cape Dutch houses. Both in front and at the back there was a *stoep*. The wooden front door was in two parts, which could be opened separately. Above, there ran up a tall window, also divided into two parts, the lower of which could be pulled down when the upper half-door was opened back. This gave an exceedingly convenient combination of door and window. The entrance was into a rather narrow lobby, having doors right and left, and divided by a screen from the central hall that ran right through to the garden *stoep*, which

Cape of Good Hope

was shaded by four big orange trees. From the hall, doors opened to sleeping rooms and kitchen.

The garden produced wonderful fruit—grapes, oranges, figs, bananas, loquat plums, apples. The deliciousness of really ripe figs and oranges when freshly gathered is something unknown to dwellers in cooler latitudes. Our garden contained also a marvellous white camellia tree. It must have been well over ten feet high, and used to be literally covered with flowers. The fame of this tree was known to all the neighbours, and we were many times asked on occasion of a wedding to spare a basketful of the blossoms—it was easy to do this, and never to miss them from the tree. A moon-flower plant was the other chief glory of our flower-garden, a rather unattractive-looking shrub, with large greenish-white drooping flowers, trumpet-shaped, that in the evening breathed the very odours of Paradise through the garden and the house.

When we lost the governess who had come out with us from England, it was found possible to replace her, to some extent, by a German teacher from the Rhenish Mission School in Stellenbosch, a Miss Bertha Voigt from Hesse Cassel, who was able to come to us three days in the week, a really wonderful and most excellent little woman, very well equipped as a teacher and with a prejudice in favour of English people as such—due, I think, to her liking for the family of a Devonshire clergyman named Scrivens, with whom she had lived for a year in England. She spoke capable and intelligible English, and also knew

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French quite well—was excellent at arithmetic, and had been well taught in history and geography. But the subject which she loved best was her own language and literature, and in these she was a most inspiring teacher. I had perhaps never enjoyed anything quite so much as my lessons with her, especially the German. The grammar we used was Ollendorff's, writing out in full all the voluminous exercises (at least I did), and also writing German letters (to Miss Voigt, at her own request, *bien entendu!*). And we used to learn by heart Schiller's ballads, *Das Lied von der Glocke*, *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, and the rest, and various other poems, and repeat them to our faithful little teacher when she took us for walks ; in fact, we seemed to write and talk German incessantly. Between three and four years of this instruction gave me a very good grasp of the language and a great enthusiasm for it. My dear mother, who was a fair French and Italian scholar, used at first to come to our German lessons, but the language rather repelled her, and the gutturals she found insurmountable ; so, gibing a little at herself, she smiled and gave it up. But she was very keen about the progress of Miss Voigt's younger pupils, and gave me copies of Schiller's works and of Goethe's, so that I was able to read those two great writers in delightful volumes of my own. I still have and still treasure them. They opened a new world to me. I delighted particularly in the poetry and plays. *Hermann und Dorothea* seemed to take one's soul captive with the exquisite recital and the long, splendid, unhurried

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swing of the lines. Of Goethe's shorter poems I have always thought Mahomet's *Gesang*,

Seht den Felsenquell
Freudehell
Wie ein Sternblick,

one of the most beautiful things that I know in verse. There was to me a curious charm about poetry in this language which, though understood, was foreign—partly due to the splendid language itself, partly to a sort of aloofness and rarity, due to its unfamiliarity, I suppose.

Miss Voigt was a great joy to us all—so neat and orderly, so kind and capable and friendly, never out of temper, so thoroughly good and straight—no wonder we were all fond of her. She was most clever with her fingers, and could sew and knit and net and embroider admirably. She never forgot our birthdays, and her usual present was German linen pocket-handkerchiefs, of large size and marvellous wearing qualities, of which she seemed to have an inexhaustible store. The value of the gift was generally enhanced by embroidered initials in the corner. She delighted to tell us about her English pupils in Devonshire, to whom she was greatly attached; and we loved, too, her accounts of the German Christmas and Easter. She taught us how to make "Easter eggs," which was a most amusing novelty. We kept up friendship and correspondence with her for many years—until the Boer War in fact—after which her letters ceased, and we lost sight of her. She always used to write to me in German, to help me to keep up the language! and once she came to stay with me in England, and seemed

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exactly the same dear little woman as ever. She made one forget the flight of time.

As regarded lessons we had another great piece of good luck—a wonderful music master. He was colonial born, of French descent—a Mr. de Villiers—a little dark man full of fire and energy, with a sweet, serene, blue-eyed wife, who looked like a Puritan maiden out of a picture. Mr. de Villiers was really a genius, I believe—a composer, and a wonderful pianist and organist, brimful of enthusiasm for his art, and chiefly self-taught. He composed an oratorio with Dutch words, of which I still remember a stirring chorus, *Hij komt!* and managed to train choir and orchestra in that musically rather desert land, and the work on its production scored a considerable success.

He took great interest in teaching me and my sisters, some of whom (my second sister in particular) had a real musical gift, while I was generally intelligent and anxious to do creditably, and so all of us were keen, and gave time and attention to our pianoforte (as he always called it). The beautiful music which we had to practise for Mr. de Villiers—chiefly Beethoven's sonatas—became more and more of a pleasure, and provided us with a lasting musical background. One of my brothers, who did not learn music but who loved it, used to listen to some of our practisings and, after we were back in England, I have heard him, strolling up the meadows, whistling through from beginning to end some movement of a sonata without a gap or a false note—clear and sure as the song of a bird.



MY MOTHER.

Cape of Good Hope

For a good deal of our time at Stellenbosch I used to read French with my mother every day, circumstances permitting, and I owe it to this that I have ever since been able to read an ordinary French book with ease and pleasure. Our custom was to read our book first in French, and then translate at sight, with a dictionary in the vicinity, of course. We read through *Télémaque*, *Picciola*, Voltaire's *Louis XIV.* and *Charles XII. of Sweden*, some comedies of Molière, Racine, Corneille; some *Mémoires*, those, e.g., of the Marquise de la Rochejacquelin, and I think a few other books. The *Louis XIV.* and *Charles XII.* took a lot of reading. Molière was the most delightful fun. My mother and I both loved these French readings. I also did a little Italian with her. I remember learning all the French irregular verbs purely for my own satisfaction. Of course one was always at a loss until one did know them.

I had a most ardent wish to learn Latin, and a Scotch schoolmaster at Stellenbosch was willing to teach me, but the project fell through. I was bitterly disappointed at the time, but have since felt that it was a blessing in disguise, as, if I had had some equipment in classics before returning to England, I should probably have done classics at College, and in that case should never have taken the Moral Sciences Tripos, which would have been the greatest loss in the world to me.

We were kept, perhaps, rather like prisoners, but possibly there was nothing very surprising in this, since, as has been said, ours is a world in which we all in one

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way or another have to think and work "in chains"—a world, too, which at that time was the world of P. H. Gosse, the zoologist (father of Edmund Gosse, who wrote *Father and Son*), and of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—beset with many restrictions and requirements that seem much stranger now than they did then.

That I slipped unnoticed and unnoticed into a freer realm of thought and feeling was, I think, largely due to my German lessons and readings (perhaps also a little to the French). No doubt I did not fully understand much that I read, but still, what with the new effort of acquirement, the new language and the new thoughts, which had a sort of glamour for me, old barriers seemed to have gone down unawares. I recall with some surprise that Miss Voigt never seemed to be the least suspicious of Goethe, while she used sometimes to speak rather reproachfully of the far more restricted, far less speculative Schiller, as "that pagan" (*Heide*), on account of the many allusions to classical mythology in his poetry. This I now imagine was from a simple-minded desire to keep us young people in the right attitude towards "paganism."

I remember her lending me a book in German called *Zustand nach dem Tode* (*State after Death*), which seemed to include every notion that had ever been entertained, or could be entertained, of the condition of the soul after death. I attribute to this book my feeling of age-long familiarity with the various suggestions on the subject that one meets with from time to time.

We once had in our village a great sensation—a lecture on astronomy by a Dr. Adamson ; the very first

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lecture that any of us children had ever heard. It was fascinatingly interesting. The lecturer recommended to us a book called *The Orbs of Heaven*, by an American astronomer named Mitchell. I felt that life would be absolutely not worth living without this book, and spent my last shilling in acquiring it. It quite surpassed expectation, and had a lot of interesting pictures and portraits, among them one of J. C. Adams, the discoverer of the planet Neptune (afterwards Plumian Professor of Astronomy), whom many years later I had the pleasure and honour of knowing at Cambridge.

It was when we were at Stellenbosch that I first made acquaintance with Tennyson's enchanting *Idylls of the King*, and with Pascal's letters from Port Royal against the Jesuits, *Les Provinciales*, which I thought strangely attractive. It was there, too, that we had an early volume of *Good Words*, epoch-making in its delightfulness, and for the first time began to take in a monthly magazine, *Chambers' Journal*. This Journal was, I think, very good—at any rate we enjoyed it immensely, in particular a serial story then running in it, *Lost Sir Massingberd*, by James Payn, which thrilled us with horror and delight. I am always wanting to read it again.

The people whom we knew most of at Stellenbosch were two or three English families, a Dr. and Mrs. Weinstein just arrived from Germany, who, with their stout and fresh-coloured German maid, Rosa, lived next door to us; a Dr. Versfeld, who had studied medicine in Paris, and was not only a good doctor, but also a person of cultivation and resource. He and his family were among our very kind friends. Oddly

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enough, since I began writing this chapter, I have had the pleasure of meeting in my present Somersetshire home a granddaughter of Dr. Versfeld's and her husband, Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd, who have a daughter at school in Weston. There was also a Dr. Smuts whom we liked, whose young and pretty wife sang Schubert's songs most charmingly. He was, I believe, distantly related to the great Jan Christiaan Smuts who did most brilliantly in both parts of the Law Tripos at Cambridge in the nineties, and has since won world-wide fame. We knew, too, some Dutch families of the neighbourhood—van der Byls, Cloetes, Myburghs, du Toits—and a few people at Cape Town and Rondebosch, including Sir Thomas Maclear, the Cape Astronomer Royal, one of whose sons, Admiral Maclear, afterwards married a daughter of Sir John Herschel. A younger daughter of Sir John, now Lady Lubbock, was in later years a friend of mine at Girton. We very much enjoyed the pleasant social life to which we were admitted and welcomed, but our time and thoughts were chiefly filled by lessons, home affairs, and voluminous letters to relations in England. There was one aunt in particular, my father's sister, to whom we never failed to write by the monthly mail, telling her everything that we thought would please and interest her. She was the aunt whom we knew and loved best, and she was always on the look-out to do us every kindness that she could. I was to some extent and for much of my life (as long as she lived) an adopted child of this aunt, who had no children of her own. And it was she who, when the time came, financed my College course.

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Stellenbosch lay eastward from Cape Town in a stretch of level country which went by the name of the Flats—bare and burnt-up looking, but with an abundance of brilliant wild flowers, most of which were entirely without fragrance.

There were some biggish hills beyond the Flats, with houses and farms nestling in pretty valleys, and within a drive from Stellenbosch was the wonderful Drakenstein Waterfall, where a great shoot of clear, brown water dashes sheer over a high, almost perpendicular, rock, breaks into shining cascades, and then flashes down into a beautiful circular pool, as regular in outline as if drawn with a compass. All round the edge of this pool grows a luxuriant fringe of maidenhair fern, kept fresh in the hottest weather by the constant spray.

The Stellenbosch district was a land of vineyards in which the vines were trained as low bushes, as they are in some of the vineyards on the Rhine—something like gooseberry bushes in an English garden. The fruit was splendid, and wine of various qualities was made from it; that made at Constantia, near Cape Town, had considerable fame. It was considered that when properly pruned only three bunches should be allowed to grow on each vine. The old vine stumps were used as fuel, and made excellent fires, but it was not very often that we wanted fires at Stellenbosch except for cooking. The cheapness of the grapes seemed very extraordinary to us—a market-basketful of the most beautiful fruit could be bought for a shilling, and three large bunches for a penny.

Before I end this section and say good-bye to the

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Cape, I must recall a very heroic and life-saving deed of my mother's. We were at the seaside not far from Cape Town. She and the children and the maids were bathing happily in shallow water, when Sarah, one of the maids, who was extraordinarily apt to lose her head, became frightened, waving her arms, staggering out into deep water as fast as she could, and exclaiming, "Oh, I shall be drowned ! I shall be drowned !"

My mother, when she saw what was happening, rushed after Sarah as quickly as she could. It was not very easy going, and in the hurry she missed her footing more than once on some sharp little rocks, but kept on until she reached the frightened girl and brought her back into safety. Another instance of my mother's courage and presence of mind comes back to my memory. Before we left England, when only mother and the children and some maids were in the house, the same Sarah referred to above, who went into the nursery after dark to fetch something, set fire to the hangings of one of the beds—a tent-bed, hung with quantities of white dimity—and, never noticing what had happened, came calmly out, shutting the door after her. When the children went up and the door was opened, the room was thick with fire and smoke, the voluminous dimity was burning and smouldering, tall shutters and the end of a big wardrobe had caught fire, and a heavy gilt finial had melted off from the end of a curtain-pole. Poor Sarah, true to herself, could do nothing but weep and wring her hands, exclaiming, "I did it ! I did it !" My mother promptly got water,



THE RIVER GARRON IN THE GROUNDS AT LANGSTONE COURT.

Cape of Good Hope

tore down the hot and smouldering dimity with her hands, and then flung up a wet cloth again and again to the burning woodwork until all the fire was out. Her hands and arms were covered with blisters afterwards, but she never felt anything at the time. She could not have done better if she had been the captain of a fire brigade !

Perhaps I may add here that our other maid who went to the Cape with us (her name was Caroline) was of a very different make from Sarah, being one of the sort that always rises to the occasion. Sarah and Caroline were friends and neighbours at home, and both belonged to our parish, but Caroline was one of the bravest and most intelligent women that ever wore cap and apron. She was nurse to my youngest sister Parnell, to whom she was devotedly attached, and her affection was sincerely returned. She was loyalty and unselfishness embodied, and of the heroic temperament that seems made for emergencies, and she was a born sick-nurse. She was with our family for over forty years, and we all felt that in her we had a true and faithful friend, one who really cared more for our interests than for her own. She was extraordinarily generous, and eager to help those in need up to the very limit of her power. When reading, some years ago, Miss Jane Barlow's story of *The Distributed Fortune*, I could not help being reminded by the selfless and unreflecting generosity of the heroine of the tale—the Widow McGurk—of our faithful and kind-hearted Caroline.

II

SCHOOL—AND AFTER

IN the summer of 1865 we returned to England in the mail steamer *Roman*, which took a month on the journey, a fine ship with an admirable captain, and a pleasant set of passengers. The sea and the voyage and shipboard seemed to have no surprises for us now. We had been through it not long before, and we had an easy and a rather uneventful voyage. My memory of what happened this time is perhaps somewhat blurred. But a thing which, as I remember, impressed me very much, was that, when (owing, I believe, to the bending of some huge cylinder) the ship's engines stopped working for a time, we were startled by noticing that everyone seemed to be shouting. We had all insensibly got into the way of talking loud in order to be heard through the pervading hum of the machinery, and had ceased to observe this accompaniment that was buzzing along all the time. We had never been aware, before the engines stopped, of the concert pitch that our voices had become attuned to. Another thing that stands out in my memory is that on this voyage I made acquaintance for the first time with some of Grace Aguilar's and Miss Charlotte Yonge's books, lent by a fellow passenger—Miss Bode, I think. Reading these—the *Daisy Chain* in particular—was a delightful experience.



LANGSTONE COURT, ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.

School—and After

I always group together in my mind with Miss Yonge's books Anna Sewell's charming story *Black Beauty*, with which I made acquaintance later.

During our voyage we were on the tiptoe of expectation all the way, filled with interest and curiosity by the thought of seeing again so soon the people and the places that until four years ago had made the whole background and setting of our lives. Filled, too, with satisfaction, although our time abroad had been crowded with interesting experiences, and we had made many friends and received many, many kindnesses. This was partly, I think, (only partly), due to my mother's intense attachment to "home." England drew her like a magnet, though she was full of liking and appreciation for our Cape friends, and grateful for their goodness to us. She did not know Robert Browning's poetry ; if she had, she would have found in him an exquisite expression of her longing for home—

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there.

But for *April* she would have substituted every month of the calendar year !

We "children" were just on the verge of grown-up life, and looking forward keen and eager to we knew not what, except that it was our life-to-be, and seemed to hold all sorts of possibilities.

We were tremendously struck when we got to England by the luxuriant greenery of the south-west country ; it was like Paradise, and seemed the most wonderful thing we had seen at all. And I recollect

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that wild enthusiasm was caused by some Devonshire butter, hastily brought on board when we touched at Plymouth; this does sound rather greedy, but the butter certainly was ambrosial, after the boardship and Cape versions of the commodity; and the passengers who had “collared the stuff” were most awfully kind and good-natured, trying to give everyone a taste.

I recollect being personally very much disappointed when I got back to our old home. It did not at first seem so beautiful as I had remembered, and the tall stone pillars in front of the house seemed to have shrunk, and our uncles and aunts—our chief aunt in particular, who was not very tall—seemed to have dwindled in height. This was rather a shock, and it was not until long afterwards that I understood the cause of the painful disillusion to be that we children had got to be as tall as the grown-ups we had left behind, who must have seemed rather like giants to most of us when we said good-bye. I suppose nothing can be so strange as that which we have known well when *it* has changed or when *we* have changed. Castles in Spain are really not in it!

My second sister was even more of a surprise to the grown-ups at home than they were to us, especially to an uncle who had returned to England from India after many years' absence. When he had last seen her, she had blue eyes and flaxen hair, as testified not only by our memories but also by a pretty water-colour likeness done by a Mrs. Manning, who painted many pleasant pictures of different members of our family.



MY YOUNGEST SISTER WITH HER PET ANIMALS IN THE GARDEN AT NEWTON, IANCA

School—and After

Now, at sixteen, this blue-eyed, flaxen-haired sister had hazelish eyes and masses of very dark hair. "Why, my dear child, your beautiful white hair has turned black," was his greeting, when he had identified her. The alteration was very noticeable, and I think very unusual.

The great, tremendous, and fundamental change that occurred in the lives of myself, my next three sisters—Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Thorp), Julia (afterwards Mrs. Austen), and Beatrice—the year after we returned to England, was that we all went to school at Cheltenham. When I left the Cape I had a good grasp of two foreign languages, a little knowledge and a great love of literature—English, French, and German—and some elementary appreciation of good music. I had the use of my mind. I knew how to learn, though not what to learn. It was partly at school, and from an Essay Society to which I belonged afterwards, and a Moral Science undergraduate acquaintance, but principally at College, that I learnt what to learn, or, rather, what there was to learn. The school I went to was the Miss Robinsons', Alston Court, close to Christ Church. My sisters went first to the Miss Langdons', and afterwards to Alston Court. I do not now remember why we began by going to different schools. At Alston Court there were twenty-seven girls, of whom only one, Lily Fenn, daughter of the vicar of Christ Church, was a day girl.

I was at school only a little over a year, but it was one of the most telling years of my life. The Miss

As I Remember

Robinsons' was a delightful school, and the three sisters who kept it—Miss Lizzie, Miss Catharine, and Miss Mary—were, I then thought and still think, among the very best and nicest of human kind. Their goodness to the girls, and care of them, and thought for them, and their quiet wisdom, were very wonderful. When I went from my out-of-the-way country home to Cheltenham I was, I fancy, exceedingly dowdy in comparison with the other girls, who, for the most part, were very prettily dressed. Miss Lizzie quietly grasped the situation, and took the matter in hand, and a visit to Debenham's (now Cavendish House) under her auspices brought me into line without any fuss.

The Robinsons came from the north of England, and I believe the school was called after the place where they used to live. The house has now been annexed by the Cheltenham Ladies' College, and its name changed to Downside ; I have a nice tall niece who has just finished four years' residence there.

Alston Court was admirably arranged and furnished, with large drawing-room, dining-hall, and library, and also a study for the girls, on the ground floor. The chief rooms were provided with Turkey carpets. I was told that this was the only make which would stand the wear and tear of so many feet. The girls' sleeping rooms were pretty and convenient. There were mostly three or four girls in a room, each with her own little bed and dressing-table and set of drawers. One could not imagine anything nicer, and the order and freshness of the whole place were charming. Two of the worst

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offences which a girl could commit were (1) to come down in the morning without opening her windows (fine sixpence) ; (2) to upset an ink-bottle (fine half-a-crown). These two fines, which were rather severe for us, were the only statutory punishments as far as I remember. My poor little sister Julia once had to pay the half-a-crown, and it quite emptied her purse and nearly broke her heart. The girls were mostly very keen to keep the rules and do their lessons. There was no tyranny, no fuss, no spying ; the heads seemed to trust the girls, and they responded almost without exception. There was a genuine loyalty to the three sisters, and I think more appreciation of their fine points than was usual in schoolgirls towards their mistresses. It was impossible to help admiring them, and they were beloved too, and felt to be real friends. They combined in themselves and in their school all that was best in the old order which was beginning to pass and the new order which was beginning to come in.

It was Miss Catharine, who survived her two sisters, and whose special pupil I had been, whom I cared for most. She was an adorable person—by which I mean a person who called forth both reverence and affection—and she was a dear and most kind friend to me as long as she lived. It was a great joy to her when I went to Girton, and still more when I was bracketed with the Senior man in my Tripos. Many years after leaving school, when I was at the British Association meeting at York in 1906, an acquaintance came up to me at the Archbishop's garden-party at Bishopsthorpe, and said,

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“Do come and be introduced to Lady Ramsay. She has heard that you are here, and says you were at the Miss Robinsons’ at Cheltenham, where she was, too, and she wants to talk to you about it.” I went very willingly, and was delighted to accept Lady Ramsay’s invitation to “sit under a tree and talk about the school” where she had been a pupil after I left. She was a Miss Buchanan, and had married Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist and discoverer.

The new opportunities of learning which school afforded were most enchanting to me. I was the only girl taking Latin, and had Latin lessons with Miss Catharine, who was a good classical scholar and an excellent teacher, and I even did six weeks of Greek with her, and a few propositions of Euclid, before leaving school. I began Latin straight off with Cicero’s *De Amicitia*, and then went through Virgil’s Fourth *Georgic*—the one about the bees. I found it all perfectly fascinating, and I suppose the freshness and quaintness (to me) of these two books was quite a help in struggling with the language, which was intensely interesting too. I found it easier, of course, because I had learnt French and German and had passed the childish stage. But still, the Latin was pretty stiff. We had delightful history, geography, and English literature lessons from a Mr. Sutcliffe, who occasionally gave us pieces of poetry to learn by heart. Two of these were Tennyson’s *Morte d’Arthur* and Wordsworth’s *Ode to Immortality* (“Heaven lies about us in our infancy”), both of them very well worth knowing. One of my sisters, I recollect, found



MY SISTER BEATRICE.

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great difficulty in committing poetry to memory, which seemed rather strange, as she had an excellent ear for music, and was also very imaginative, with a great gift of improvising stories. She would carry a tale on from day to day for weeks. The other girls were tremendously keen about hearing these romances, and used to make compacts with my sister that, when we went out for a walk, they would teach her poetry one way if she would go on with her story the other way. She never seemed to care to read novels, but she certainly had the faculty of producing them.

We did French with a French mademoiselle, and then there were accomplishments—piano and harp, with a great deal of practising. I have often thought since that never were time and effort more wasted than the many fatiguing hours which I had to devote to the harp. There was dancing, of course, and drawing. The drawing master was a very good teacher, I believe, but he scolded unmercifully, and this made me perfectly miserable. I used to spend the interval after the drawing class in tears, and finally entreated to be allowed to learn Italian instead. This dreadful scolding way seemed to be a habit the master had. The poor man must have gone through a horribly tedious time with us, being, as I think he was, a real artist. His method, however, seemed to suit some of his pupils. I recollect one of my sisters saying she rather liked it, that it stirred her up! Certainly in some cases he got good results. Italian was a very “soft option.” The Italian master was a very little man with a fine head, and waves of

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silvery hair, and, I believe, an excellent Italian accent, and he had a keen love of his native language. But he had very little notion of teaching, and a most inadequate acquaintance with English. However, I enjoyed the Italian lessons very much; it was such plain sailing, and the language was so attractive. I did Lemmi's *Grammar*, and read some of Manzoni's unrivalled story, *I Promessi Sposi*. I recollect once having a dispute with my teacher about the meaning of *dirizzatura* (the *parting* of Lucia's beautiful black hair). He insisted that it meant *ribbon*. Of course, I knew he was wrong—*parting* was the only possible translation, but nothing would convince him—one dull English word seemed much the same to him as another. It was in French that he chiefly tried to make himself understood.

The arithmetic lessons were a joy, and I was much surprised and very much pleased when Miss Catharine told me that I was the only girl who had ever come to the school with some sound knowledge of arithmetic. This I owe to our German governess at the Cape.

We kept Sunday very strictly. The girls were not allowed to have their letters until Monday morning, and it was sometimes very tantalising to see a letter from home that one was most anxious to get, displayed on the letter-shelf, but hopelessly out of reach till next day. We had a Bible class after breakfast on Sundays, and always went to morning and evening church. The Sunday services were a real pleasure to most of the girls. It was a great thing for us to have such a vicar as Mr. Fenn, who was then at Christ Church—a



GIRTTON COLLEGE IN 1874.

Photo : J. G. Simpson.

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scholar and a saint, a sincere and wise teacher, and a most interesting preacher. A contemporary Headmaster of the Cheltenham College was reported to have said of him that the one intellectual treat to be had in Cheltenham was to hear Mr. Fenn. Years afterwards I heard him give the University sermon at Cambridge, and I remember wishing that he had not cut his sermon down so severely as he did—one would have liked to hear much more from him. Alston Court had a pretty and well-kept garden running down to the railway line. The only outdoor game for girls then, that I know of, was croquet, and we had a croquet ground. We used to go for walks—a “crocodile”—along two very uninteresting roads, the Gloucester road and another—I forget which. How we disliked them *both*! The girls were taken sometimes to delightful concerts and readings. We heard Tietjens and Santley and Sims Reeves and Charles Dickens. It was wonderful to hear Dickens. It was a recitation that he gave rather than a reading. We had the trial scene from *Pickwick* and a most pathetic piece from *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The *Pickwick* made everyone shake with laughter, and most of us dissolved in tears over little Nell.

My sisters and I occasionally went to dinner with an old uncle of my mother's, Colonel Church Pearce, and his wife at his Cheltenham house, Fauconberg (which is, I think, now another of the Cheltenham Ladies' College houses). This great-uncle had been all through the Peninsular War and taken an eagle at Salamanca.

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He was a hale old gentleman, very polished and kind, and had been a wonderful rider. There was a story of his horse taking fright once when crossing Wye Bridge at Ross, and jumping sheer over the parapet of the bridge into the river. Ensign Pearce, as he was then, somehow disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and, diving into the water, escaped unhurt, but the horse was fatally injured.

On the occasion of dinner at Fauconberg, we had to be back to school by ten o'clock ; and the meal was so late and so long that we were generally fetched away before dinner was quite over. This great-uncle gave a scholarship for officers' daughters to the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Now and then some of the girls were taken into the town to have a walk down the Promenade, gay with bright shop-windows and pretty dresses, or perhaps to have something "tried on." Cheltenham was certainly a very educative place from many points of view.

In those days girls wore bonnets to go to church in, and at the Cheltenham schools "uniform" bonnets were the rule, and looked much nicer than when each girl wore something different, and each took the shine out of her neighbour's bonnet.

I liked most of my schoolfellows, little and big. They were of all ages from ten to eighteen, and many came from Scotland and the north of England. The elder ones had nearly all been at school for several years. Two very nice girls slept in my room—Fanny Evans and Katie Palmer. Fanny always looked fresh

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and attractive and always exactly the same. Katie varied very much, and sometimes looked charmingly pretty. It sticks in my memory that the girls sometimes talked about their mothers, and that every girl (including my sisters and I) thought her own mother more delightful than anyone else's.

Looking back, I see that my short time at school influenced my outlook on life and my way of feeling and thinking to an extraordinary degree. I always had a keen desire for things to be as I thought they ought to be, and for other people to do as I thought they ought to do—a not uncommon frame of mind—and I was often a little too ready to try and set others to rights in perhaps a rather priggish (?) fashion. At school it was I who was set to rights, and indeed things there did seem to be very much as they ought. The place, the teaching, the mistresses, the Church services, the Bible lessons, the general atmosphere and outlook made up a whole of things which met with my approbation, though I had not happened to imagine it beforehand. I was always inclined to have great admirations, but I think that at school more tolerance and content were somehow infused into my general attitude. Never had I been so filled with confidence and approval. It was not one person or one thing; it was the whole concern that seemed to stare me in the face with a sort of startling and satisfying excellence and reasonableness. That was the general effect, and that was what remained with me when my school time was over. I felt that what I had known and shared in was very good indeed. One saw

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the most admirable intellectual gifts and acquirements combined with exquisite goodness and pleasantness, and not only this, but the life of the place was pervaded and governed by the spirit of this combination. Incidentally (but what, no doubt, was very influential) I had met eagerly the tests with which I was confronted, and my own capacity and power of work had stood the proof and received recognition. Thus the world was put right for me, and I was put right with the world. This was my mood. It was quite a novelty, but it was to some extent, and on the whole, a permanent mood. At any rate, it made a great and lasting difference to my feeling about things. The universe was justified. I think it gave me a sort of balance which at the core survived some rough jars and jolts in the succeeding period, and (later on) a wider view of practical woes, and heart-shaking problems of thought. The mood and the faith were transformed, but they lasted on.

The years at home that now followed were rather chaotic. There were brothers and sisters coming and going to school and (the brothers) to College, and occasional disturbing elements in the form of admirers for the sisters appeared upon the scene, but they met with severe discouragement from the head of the house. It seemed to be mostly the *mothers* who fell in love with me! There were renewals of some old family friendships, feuds, and intimacies. There were a few fresh acquaintanceships with neighbouring newcomers. As regarded newcomers what affected me most was the advent to our parish of a family, one of the sons of

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which was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, at the same College as my eldest brother. He was reading for the Moral Sciences Tripos, and used to talk sometimes about Political Economy and Logic which he was studying. This was quite fresh to me, and I was very much interested, and when my new acquaintance offered to lend me Fawcett's *Manual of Political Economy* which he was then reading for the Tripos, I accepted eagerly. To the best of my belief I had never heard of Political Economy before, but I thought the manual perfectly delightful. It seemed to be what one had always wanted to know ; it gave unfamiliar information about familiar things—money, agriculture, rent, wages, prices. Then I was loaned a book of Essays on the same subject by Mrs. Fawcett, and then Mill's *Logic*—the two-volume edition. This was much stiffer. Some of it perhaps reached my intelligence, but the part about Syllogism quite stumped me, though I read on laboriously page after page, hoping some time to see light.

Mr. Fawcett was for a time enthroned on a pinnacle in my estimation, and I think also that I was a little uplifted, as well as considerably surprised, at being able to tackle the book when it was evidently rather a bug-bear to the lender—to whom however, later, when I went to Cambridge, I was to realise that I was indebted for a great and lasting benefit. For if it had not been for this loan of books, I should have had no notion what Moral Science was about, or that it was so attractive, and should certainly not have ventured to choose it for my Tripos subject.

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Among other diversions which helped to fill my spare time was membership of an Essay Club to which Miss Edith Coleridge, Miss Elliot Lockhart, and several other interesting people belonged. I had been introduced to this club by a very kind girl friend who died now long ago. I found it a source of great pleasure. We used to have subjects proposed for papers, often something quite fresh to me ; I remember that *Rembrandt* was once given, and I managed to get a delightful life of him in French. It was a big book, and ended with a complete catalogue and description of his pictures. I read it from cover to cover with the keenest interest, and several years afterwards, when with one of my sisters at the new picture gallery (*Museum* they call it) at Amsterdam, I found a big room filled with some of the great artist's masterpieces—*The Night Watch*, *The Lesson in Anatomy*, etc.—which I remembered reading all about in my book. I do not recall now how it was that I was able to buy such books occasionally, as my “last shilling” would certainly not have run to it. It must have been my dear mother who financed me. I seem to recollect that among other subjects which we were given were the *Moabite Stone*, and the *Book of Job*. An extraordinarily interesting book which I had somewhere about this time was Delitzsch's *Das Buch Hiob*.

I had some correspondence lessons in Greek from the Miss Edith Coleridge mentioned above (granddaughter of the poet), and amused myself occasionally with translations—German ballads, *e.g.*, and an easy Italian

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play by that very easy author Metastasio. The latter pleased my mother very much. I also made a very small beginning of learning Hebrew from a dear old man who used sometimes to stay for a few days at our house, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Elizabeth Claypool, whose tomb is in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

A fresh occupation that I developed a liking for about this time was making indexes, and my chief effort in this direction was an elaborate and practically useful index to the words and the tunes of a large and quaint old book of hymns and tunes which was used in the house, rather queerly printed, with no index whatever, nor any indications of metre. Some of the tunes were very taking.

We had many pleasures of a country life, occasional garden-parties, now and then picnics, drives and walks and pony rides in lovely scenery—I think no one who has not lived in Herefordshire can realise its charm. Then there was mushroom gathering in dewy autumn mornings, wild violets and snowdrops and daffodils in myriads in the spring, and a perfect galaxy of birds. Playing the harmonium on Sundays in the little church two-and-a-half miles away, which we were allowed to attend, was rather a joy, and so was the making and tending of a fernery which I constructed in a shady corner. This little horticultural venture was inspired and encouraged by a favourite aunt, Charlotte Oakeley, who had learned to collect and love ferns in India, and had charming out-door and hot-house ferneries at her

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home in Monmouthshire. I still have a delightful little book about ferns which she gave me (Moore's).

This aunt was the wife of our uncle Richard Oakeley, and they used sometimes to stay with us, driving over from their twelve-mile distant Monmouthshire home with a delightful brown cob, Fan. We were all fond of them. Indeed, they were very charming, as "old Indians" so often are, or were, and very kind to the young people. My uncle had been a surgeon in the Indian Army (H.E.I.C.S.), and was at the battle of Chilianwallah, and through the Mutiny. He was a very splendid-looking man, and his wife very tall and slim and elegant. She was five feet eight, and, as she used to tell us, the shortest of her family! Some other relatives who stayed with us occasionally, and whom we greatly liked, were a barrister cousin of my father's, Henry Cadman Jones (who had been Second Wrangler when Stokes was Senior), with his wife and children.

We were within driving reach of such beautiful places as Tintern and the Goodrich, Wyndcliff, Raglan, and I think that perhaps it was familiarity with them that made me begin to love architecture.



TINTERN ABBEY.

Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.

III

COLLEGE—AND AFTER

A NEW era dawned for me when I went to live altogether with an aunt, Mrs. Collins—my father's sister, already referred to—at a pleasant house having the name of Newton, on the edge of Herefordshire, in a sort of crow's-nest situation, 700 feet above sea level, in the teeth of the east wind, and regularly snowed up every year. It was very lonely and isolated in winter, but a perfectly charming place in summer, with exquisite views over part of the Wye Valley between Ross and Monmouth, and adjoining a most beautiful common. Coincidentally I realised the long-cherished desire, with which my aunt most fully sympathised, that I should go to College—namely, to Girton. This was the only Woman's College that we knew of at that time. We had heard from my eldest brother of the red brick building on the Huntingdon Road that was opened during his last year at Cambridge, and having ascertained that the Hon. Secretary of the institution was Miss Emily Davies, the rest was plain sailing.

I have said that my aunt fully sympathised with my aspirations, and this she proved in the most practical and unselfish way by financing my College course and sparing me for College terms at a time when the expenditure was a little inconvenient for her, and when she really felt the need of my presence in the house,

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though she had a most capable and devoted maid, sister to the Caroline of whom I have spoken above. This made things in some respects difficult for me too, since I could never reckon beforehand on being able to return to Cambridge for the term, and, as a matter of fact, had to miss several terms, which put out my work, imperilled my College course, and postponed my examination.

It seems to me, in retrospect, very surprising that I should ever have entered on a College course at all, and perhaps still more that I was able to see it through. It was as though the stars in their courses were fighting on my side. As I remember it, it is like a fairy tale. This would be to some extent "another story," which some day I should like to tell. But it would be rather aside from my present purpose, which is only to set out a short account of the chief tenour of my life. It may be not irrelevant to mention here that my sitting down at this particular juncture to tell something of my own story is partly due to the fact that I have recently been called upon to write obituary notices for the *Girton Review* of three prominent members of the College—Miss Mary Gurney, Miss Welsh, and Miss Emily Davies—and on each occasion it has been borne in upon me how much better it would have been if these distinguished persons had left accounts of themselves from their own pens, in accordance with Leslie Stephen's *dictum* that every man ought to tie up his autobiography with his will, and this for two reasons: first, because he has an unfailing interest in his subject, and, second,

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because he has unique opportunities of knowing the truth.

When Miss Davies answered our inquiries about Girton, she suggested that as I was not accustomed to examinations, it would be best to go to some experienced "coach" to prepare for the entrance. So I went for two months to stay at Sydenham with the lady whom she recommended, Miss Alice Grüner, and profited very much by her skilful guidance and teaching. She made me work a lot at time papers in arithmetic (in which subject I thought I was quite safe), and refused all instruction in Scripture history, as she gathered from what I said that the Bible was very familiar to me ; and when the examination came I found that she was justified by the event, for I got nearly full marks in the Scripture paper, for which I had not prepared, and had not many marks to spare in the arithmetic. I took Latin as an optional subject, and did so respectably that, on the strength of it, I was urged by some in authority to try for the Classical Tripos.

It was during these weeks at Sydenham, when the Crystal Palace grounds were the only place for walking about in, that I learnt to love violin and 'cello music, as I used to go often to a little pavilion where a string quartette played regularly. I recollect that once, strolling along in the gardens, I found myself unawares on the edge of a small crowd, and, looking up, saw a man overhead walking on the tight-rope. It was Charles Blondin. The rope was very thick, and he had no shoes on, and seemed to cling to it with his feet. He

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balanced perfectly, and looked as if he could not fall—absolutely secure, as steady as if walking on the ground.

At the little College entrance examination which I took there were only two other candidates—one English, one American. The American was very kind and sweet-tempered, and, I think, the most good-natured girl I ever knew, and extremely bright and clever. She was an only child, with a large fortune. She told me that her mother used to say of her : “Anna has money enough to marry whom she likes.”

When we three went up to Girton at the beginning of the October Term, 1875, Miss Bernard being Mistress, we found that our year, including ourselves, numbered twelve, bringing the whole number of students in College up to twenty-five. This made the existing building quite full. In those days the two parts of the Previous, or Little-go, had to be taken together, and if the candidate failed in one, both had to be done over again. I passed both parts without any difficulty, having nearly full marks in Part I. (Latin and Greek), and then, after a term's serious struggle, got through the Additional mathematics required from all candidates for Honours. The choice of a Tripos was an anxious affair. After much hesitation I came to the decision to read Moral Sciences (generally called Philosophy in the world outside Cambridge). It was a momentous decision for me.

The Moral Sciences Tripos was at that time not divided, and comprised four subjects :



EMILY DAVIES COURT, GORTON COLLEGE

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I. Moral and Political Philosophy, which tries to answer the questions (among others)—

What ought we to do ?

How do we know what we ought to do ?

Why should we do what we think we ought ?

II. Mental Philosophy [that is, (1) Psychology and (2) Metaphysics], which inquires (1) into the laws and facts of mind—thought, feeling, memory, will, and so on ; (2) into the relations between Mind and Matter, between Man and God and Nature, and the tests of truth and certainty.

III. Logic, which is concerned with argument, scientific method, inference, classification, definition, fallacies, the rules of evidence.

IV. Political Economy (or Economics), which deals with matters of industrial and social organisation, trade and exchange, money and banking, production and consumption of commodities, rates and taxes, rent and wages.

Friends at home used sometimes to ask me what the *Moral Science* which I was studying at Girton was about, and when I answered *Logic*, or *Ethics*, or *Psychology*, the rejoinder would generally be : *What is Logic ? What is Ethics ? What is Psychology ?* Classics they knew, and Mathematics they knew, perhaps, and Natural Science, but Moral Science was not much heard of in country places in those days.

I was very fortunate in the period at which I was a student, because at that time the Moral Science lecturers at Cambridge were among the most distinguished

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teachers in philosophical subjects whom the University has ever known—including Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. James Ward, and (for Logic) Mr. Keynes. They were unrivalled lecturers and teachers, men who never spared pains, and whose pupils owed them an untold debt.

It was customary to begin one's course of reading with Logic and Political Economy, and accordingly I started with these two subjects—Political Economy from Mr. Stanton and Logic from Mr. Keynes—and found them (especially the Logic) more interesting than anything I had ever studied before. Having worked through Jevons' *Elementary Lessons in Logic* by myself at home in the Christmas vacation, after getting rid of the preliminary examinations, I attacked Mill's *Logic* again in the following Lent Term, to find that with the help of coaching and papers it was now possible to understand a good deal of the book. The next year started with lectures on Moral and Political Philosophy from Mr. Sidgwick and Psychology from Mr. Ward, and here the summit of interestingness and, perhaps, also of difficulty seemed to have been reached. This was, indeed, something which it was worth while to have lived for. I was deeply absorbed. Other things, other interests, other delights seemed for the time comparatively unimportant. I was in a magic world of thought—of great thinkers, of unrivalled teachers—a new heaven and a new earth.

Although in a sort of enchantment, I had times of passionate anxiety and deep discouragement. This was inevitable. But examinations were not hateful to me.

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I was not one of the unfortunate people (sometimes very gifted) who never "do themselves justice" in the examination room. I recollect even getting some fresh light upon a difficult question that had puzzled me in answering one of the Tripos Ethics papers.

I am afraid there is a good deal of "shop" in this section, but it has been unavoidable because my life as a student was more "shop" than anything else.

There were only two other candidates from Girton who took the Moral Sciences Tripos Examination at the same time as myself—my friend Miss Alice Woods, late of the Maria Grey Training College, and Miss Grace Travers.

The examination of women students at Cambridge in those days was quite informal, and depended entirely on the goodwill of the examiners; no examiner need look over the papers of a woman student unless he chose, and our results were not announced with the men's. So to us out at Girton, remote and anxious and uninformed (we had then no telephones, bicycles, or taxis), it seemed that there was some delay in letting us know our fate, and, to relieve our minds, the Mistress, Miss Bernard, sent a messenger into Cambridge with a note of inquiry to Mr. Sidgwick, one of the examiners. He was at the "Examiners' Dinner," and the note came back with our results pencilled on the outside page. I had a First Class, Miss Woods a Second, Miss Travers a Third. I was one of the first two students at Girton to get a Class I., and it was, of course, very satisfactory to the College as well as to my people.

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After this I was at College for a few weeks for a special bit of work, and then for three years continuously with my aunt at Newton, where we had been joined by my youngest sister Parnell—named after a great-aunt, Parnell Burton (*née* Oakeley), my grandfather's sister.

Thanks to the kindness of two of my lecturers at Cambridge, Mr. Ward and Mr. Sidgwick, I was entrusted with a very interesting and congenial piece of work—the translation of the second half of Hermann Lotze's *Mikrokosmos*, the first half having been done by Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh, a distinguished lecturer and writer on philosophical subjects. Miss Hamilton's work was excellently done, but she had unfortunately died before the completion of her task. I was entrusted with the revision of her translation (which she had not been able to accomplish herself) and with the translation of the second half of the text, compiling an index, etc.

This provided delightful occupation for all my leisure hours during the next three years. It was the sort of thing I enjoyed, and had for me at that time the great advantage that I could put it down at any moment, and take it up again without much "sauntering," and any puzzles as to meaning or English rendering (of which naturally there were many) could be thought over at odd times.

I happened to have for this undertaking a threefold qualification—some training in philosophy, a good grip



Photo : F. Friih & Co.

THE MARKET HALL, ROSS-ON-WYE HEREFORDSHIRE.

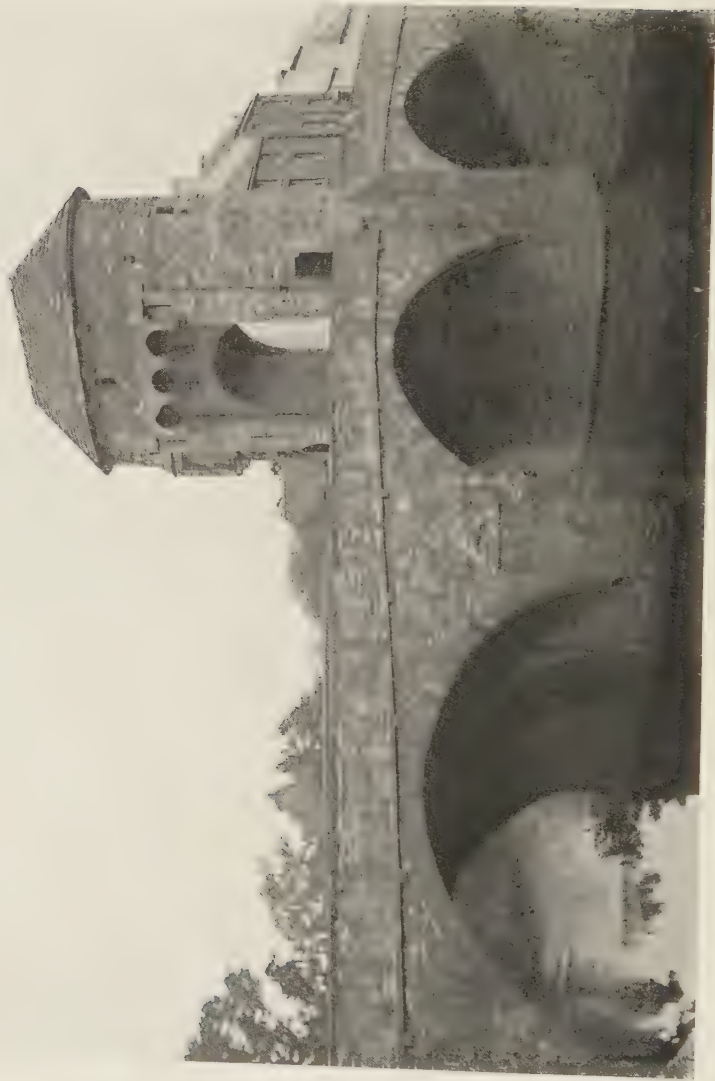
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of German, and some practice in translation, and I tried to keep in view Mr. Ward's idea of really good translation—namely, one like what the author himself might have produced if he had been writing in English. There is probably not a more readable philosophical work in existence than the *Mikrokosmos* ("the world in little," i.e., Man), but I confess to having found that the actual process of translation was often rather a hindrance than a help towards grasping the general drift. The counsel of perfection given me was to read the text through to get the meaning before beginning to translate. When Mr. Sidgwick looked through the two stout volumes in which the completed translation saw the light, he remarked that it appeared to be a very satisfactory and *solid* piece of work! The book was very well received, and is now in the Fourth Edition. Dr. Bernard Bosanquet's translation of Lotze's *Metaphysics* and *Logic* was published shortly before my *Microcosmus*, and he very kindly referred in his Preface to my forthcoming translation. Long afterwards when I was staying at Aberystwyth with the Principal of the College and Mrs. Roberts (who were my very kind friends) for the opening function of the academic year, a delightful address on the work of a University was delivered by Lord Haldane, in which he spoke of two great teachers—Socrates and Hermann Lotze (whose pupil he had been), and as I listened to some quotations from the latter, I felt that the words seemed very familiar, and presently recognised my own translation. Meeting the lecturer that evening after the address, we spoke of Lotze, and Lord Haldane

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said, "I was quoting from the English translation of the *Mikrokosmos* done by Miss Hamilton and another lady—I forget her name." I ventured to mention that I was the other lady, which seemed to be quite a little surprise for him.

Much of the later part of these three years was clouded and saddened by my aunt's increasing feebleness, but it was for the most part not an unhappy time for her, as she was able to enjoy reading, and took a most sincere and kindly interest in her relatives and neighbours, and we could always cheer and amuse her by talk or reading aloud. She found great pleasure in watching the birds which used to frequent the lawn and garden, in particular some robins that were always in and out of the little greenhouse, and a black-and-white blackbird, a very handsome fellow with a brilliant yellow beak, that grew very tame and in winter would come to be fed on the ledge of the big bow window of the dining-room. The poor bird died one very severe winter, and was picked up in the garden, and we had him stuffed. I wrote a description of his plumage to the Rev. F. O. Morris, who inserted it in the next edition (the 3rd) of his *History of British Birds* (Vol. III., p. 86). There were also some green woodpeckers, gorgeous in their glowing green and red plumage, which used to frequent the lawn outside the house, and once I saw five there at one time—the father and mother birds, I think, and three young ones which they seemed to be introducing to the world. Of course there were all sorts of other birds, wrens and goldcrests which specially loved a great clump of pampas



OVER MONNOW BRIDGE AND GATEWAY, MONMOUTH.

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grass, the biggest and boldest of bullfinches, and the beautiful little night-jar, which however was generally only heard and not seen. Cuckoos haunted the orchard below the garden. I remember one sunny autumn morning in October, before my blinds were drawn up, seeing little shadows flitting up and down at the edge of the eaves and found it was swallows flying about, so I hurried down to the garden and saw that the deep eastern slope of the roof was almost covered with swallows. There must have been many hundreds. They were perched there as if waiting for something, and a few flitted about or fresh ones came. I thought it one of the strangest sights I had ever seen, and one of the prettiest, with the exquisite forms and graceful movements of the little birds, their burnished cream and onyx plumage shining in the sun, and the sense of suspense and mystery in the situation. I had to go into breakfast, but hastened out again as soon as possible, as I wanted to see what happened, but the swallows had vanished every one. I suppose I just missed seeing them take flight to a more southern region.

My aunt loved to see flowers in the garden, and also to have them in her room. Christmas roses (which some call Fair Maids of February) seemed to be a particular pleasure to her. Our not very large garden was very pretty, with a straight walk, right through, delightful wide "perennial" borders on each side the path, and a small tennis lawn. We had a wonderful arbutus tree which in winter was full of the bright red "strawberry" berries, a very charming and unusual pale purplish

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clematis, some splendid fuchsias which wintered out-of-doors, and a few good roses, among them a flourishing white Banksia on the south wall of the house, which, when it did blossom, sent forth a most exquisite fragrance. There were also some rhododendrons and a much treasured hydrangea, and a very fine, and as I thought, perfectly detestable *Araucaria imbricata*. The garden and greenhouse were my sister's special care and delight, and she had the skill and taste which only a real lover of flowers ever possesses.

A little above the garden on the edge of the common was a delightful scrambling wood, the glory of which was a magnificent beech tree. The rest of the wood seemed a kind of setting for it. Nothing had hindered its growth and the giant spread of its branches, and neither bushes, nor weeds, nor flowers grew in its shadow. Its great shining trunk swept up straight and even, and as high as we could reach, it measured eighteen feet round—that is many years ago. When the young leaves came out they were like a lovely veil of green. A friend of ours, Miss Helen Thornycroft, sister of Sir Hamo Thornycroft, did a beautiful water-colour sketch of the trunk and lower branches, which she gave to my sister. You feel in it the very soul of sunny shade. It was a tree that one had a sort of worship for. This tree was not very long ago sentenced to be cut down, but we had the pleasure of joining with some friends and former neighbours—Mrs. Kemeys-Tynte and others, who knew and loved it—to ransom its life for another thirty years.

College—and After

Between this wood and our garden there was a little Methodist chapel, and I was very anxious to go and hear the service there. So on a summer Sunday evening one of the maids and I ventured into a seat just behind the door and listened with much attention. The prayers were extempore, of course, and so was the sermon, which was rather striking. It was about the insecurity of all things earthly. "Where is the legal deed?" asked the preacher with intense earnestness, referring to the uncertain tenure of all worldly possessions. My aunt was greatly interested in hearing about it all when I got home. One of the prayers had been offered by an old farmer, a tenant of hers, who had a very fine head and dignified appearance, and looked quite suited to be the pillar of a church. It was a very excellent and fervent prayer, and was punctuated by audible murmurs from the congregation. With all this my aunt, though interested, was not quite in sympathy. She was of a very sincere disposition and scrupulously honest, and certainly exhibited three out of the four Cardinal virtues—namely, Justice, Temperance, and Courage. And of Wisdom, too, the fourth of the quartet, she had more than a tincture. She was very appreciative of kindness, and had a great deal of family affection. She was specially attached to her eldest brother, Edward Jones, who was a Scholar of Brazenose College, Oxford, and died young, to her step-mother (my grandfather's second wife), and to her aunt and namesake Jane, the sister of her own mother. As I have been told, this mother, Louisa, daughter of

As I Remember

Mr. Edward Berry, fell in love with my grandfather from hearing him preach in the Monmouthshire church which she attended, and while she became the wife of a country clergyman, Jane married the only son of Arthur Young of Bradfield Hall, Suffolk, the well-known writer, traveller, and agriculturist. She is referred to several times in Miss Betham-Edwards' *Life of Arthur Young*. The two sisters were beautiful and well dowered. Of Jane there were several interesting portraits. One of these was by Opie, and another, a miniature attributed to Cosway, is now in my possession. Mr. Berry, the father of Jane and Louisa, was a Yorkshireman, a silk weaver and silk merchant, and having important business connections in France, he established his family in or near Paris, where the two girls were taught in a convent school. As a consequence they were excellent French scholars, and Jane at any rate was also a skilful musician, a delightful letter writer, and a charming and vivid companion. The sisters were devoted to each other, and we have many letters from Mrs. Young to my grandmother, in which sometimes whole pages are written in French. The girls and their mother were caught by the French Revolution in 1789. The girls got safely home, but the poor mother lost her life. Mr. Berry, like many another Yorkshireman, was very keen on horse-racing, and dropped a big fortune at Doncaster. But he was both able and resolute, and by some clever improvement in the silk manufacture, and, I suppose, serious attention to business, he retrieved his fortunes and



MRS. ARTHUR YOUNG, JUNR.



ARTHUR YOUNG, SENR.

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became again a wealthy man. Later, he moved south to Monmouthshire, and in a lovely spot on the river Usk built a large house, and also (among other things) a windmill. As his grandchildren remembered him, and as some letters reveal him, he must have been a very high - tempered, self - willed, autocratic, rather splendid old man.

Jane's husband, Arthur Young, junior, was sent to Russia with a view to giving advice about agriculture to the authorities there, his father being so distinguished and influential as an enterprising and scientific agriculturist. At that time in England the improvement of agriculture was "in the air," and Arthur Young the father was a perfect enthusiast about it. He was exceedingly agreeable socially, and was a great favourite of George III.—"Farmer George"—and on one occasion when the King and also Mr. Young were out hunting, the latter had a fall from his horse. This accident was reported to the King, who was much concerned. "What, what?" he said. "Young, Young? dead, dead? Take him home and put him to bed." As it happened, however, Mr. Young was not dead, nor, I believe, much hurt. His mother was a Frenchwoman, and he himself was a good French scholar; but his son, who had been selected for the mission to Russia, knew no language but English, so it was decided that he should be accompanied by his wife, since French, the language of polite society in Russia, was as familiar to her as English.*

* Much of this account is only remembered "hearsay." I never saw Mrs. Young.

As I Remember

We have some interesting letters of Mrs. Young's, describing their journey and their experiences in Russia. They travelled across Europe with courier and maid in a coach built specially for the purpose, in which they could sleep at night, if need were, and had relays of horses from one stage to another. The journey cost £700—a big sum for that time—a few years before Napoleon's disastrous expedition to Russia in 1812. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Young were very kindly received at the Russian Court, and had introductions to various exalted personages ; they must have had a strangely interesting time. Russian dinner-parties then were at five o'clock in the afternoon, dessert being set on before the guests were seated at table, and the meat carved by servants and handed round as is now done in England. When this fashion first superseded our old custom of having joints carved at table by host and hostess it was called *diner à la russe*.

Mrs. Young brought many interesting and beautiful things home, some of which are now in my possession—among them an emerald ring, table-cut, and swivel-set (I hope these are the right terms!), which was one of two presented to her by the Emperor. When the Empress received Mrs. Young, she was very gracious, and, thinking the visitor was feeling chilly, sent a lady-in-waiting to fetch one of her own shawls for the young Englishwoman. I suppose they must all have thought her very pretty, for, besides her grace of face and figure, she had most lovely colouring, and used to be almost mobbed in the streets of St. Petersburg. This attrac-



College—and After

tive creature, who had no children of her own, was devotedly fond of her nephews and nieces. Some of her letters are very pathetic reading. Her sister Louisa was intensely and fervidly religious, and seems to have hinted at Jane's worldliness. Poor Jane was sometimes torn between the attractions which "the world" must have had, and evidently did have for her, and the appeal made by the very narrow, very emotional, very conventional form of religion which was pressed upon her, and which seems to have been rather in fashion then.

My grandfather's wife Louisa, young and pathetic, died, leaving five little children (of whom the third was my father). His second wife was a Somerset lady, Miss Elizabeth Bath, of a Quaker family, belonging to a very cultivated circle, which included Hannah More. She must have been a woman with very exceptional qualities of mind and heart, and seems to have been a kind and faithful friend to her step-children. She was, I believe, a good linguist. Many, many years after her death we found among her books two which surprised me very much—Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* and a translation of Euler's *Letters to a German Princess* (a logical disquisition). These seemed strange indeed in company with the devotional books of a woman situated as she was, living in a most remote and isolated country home, where at that time you had to drive more than a mile to reach the coach road, partly through meadows and over a pretty two-arched bridge across the Garron, with a little murmuring water-

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fall that we used to love. She wrote wonderful letters, which seem to show a sensitive and dignified spirit, with complete unselfishness and heavenly patience and—generally—a disciplined meekness, but sometimes she flared up in an unexpected and refreshing way. I feel I should have loved this step-grandmother. She was a most accomplished worker, not only at plain sewing and exquisite wool work, which she designed herself, but also at such things as models. There is a delightful model of Langstone which she made, and real works of art in the way of hearthrugs, bell-ropes, enchanting kettle-holders with kettles singing (I mean *steaming*) on the fire, many of which still adorn the old house, and I have a really beautiful *Correct Map of England*, about three feet by two and a half worked by her in silks, with all the counties outlined and named. She was very good to the poor people of the parish, and used to make lovely baby clothes for the little new babies. I remember a great oak chest at Langstone with dozens of delightful bundles, which she had left, each containing a set of tiny dainty garments in the most beautiful materials, and a good-sized piece of fine flannel. From this store every poor mother in the parish was supplied for years after the kind and skilful maker had died.

The portrait of Arthur Young which is among the illustrations in this section is from a miniature in my possession, which looks to me exactly similar to the portrait prefixed to Miss Betham-Edwards' *Life*, except that mine is coloured. This miniature I took once to

College—and After

an exhibition of thought-reading by the Zancigs (the Danish "Thought-readers") at Cambridge, at the time when they were so much talked about. I went with some friends—some of the students—and in a little bag carried this portrait, across the bottom of which I had stuck a strip of stamp-paper with "Arthur Young" written on it, and a painted thimble of Worcester china. No one but myself knew what I had or what I meant to do. I managed to attract Mr. Zancig's attention as he was going round collecting various small objects from the audience in turn, and asking Madame Zancig to describe first one and then another. When he took my thimble in his hand, he inquired, "What is this?" to which Madame's reply was "A cup." "Ask her what is on it," I suggested. The answer to this question was "A flower." This was correct. Then he took the miniature, and asked again, "What is this?" "A portrait of a gentleman," came the reply, rather slow and deliberate. "Ask her who it is," I went on. He did. "Art-yure Young," she said. I thought this very wonderful. The audience was a very keen and critical one, including Batesons, Darwins, and others of scientific renown. I did not hear at or after the meeting that there had been misdescription in any case, though many queer and not-to-be-expected things had been handed to Mr. Zancig. But it seemed to be rather generally thought that, marvellous as it seemed, the exhibition was carried through by some combination of codes.

IV

CAMBRIDGE AGAIN

My aunt, who had been so good to me, died in 1884, and, friends at Cambridge hearing of this, I was invited to go back to Girton. This was the beginning of an unbroken residence there of thirty-two years. In 1916 I again said farewell to Cambridge—this time for good—having been in turn Lecturer, Librarian, Vice-Mistress, and finally for thirteen years Mistress of the College at which I had begun as a student—full of hopes and fears, but with a heart set truly upon knowledge. When I returned to Cambridge in 1884, no vision of what was to come opened before me. What I had in view was just further study and the happiness of being at Cambridge again. But now, looking back, it is wonderful how the stages of my life there seem to have hung together, how every step—rough or smooth—followed on the last. To set this out fully, as I see it in retrospect, vivid and coherent, would be, incidentally, to unfold a *journal intime* of my own life—and one's own must always take in some of other people's. It is, however, not with a detailed or intimate recital that I am here concerned, but only with some brief recollections of that part of my autobiographical ramble when I was back at my old College. In those exacting and absorbing years—so full of work and interest, of new demands and changing points of view—sometimes so difficult—

Cambridge Again

life in College progressively brightened and widened, and brought the whole world into itself.

The household conditions at Girton were very well contrived, and enabled one to combine social intercourse and solitude in a way not often met with. Living in a community supplied the first element, having one's own rooms the second. It was the general rule that students, as well as lecturers and others of the resident staff, had two rooms—bedroom and sitting-room (or study), and thus the *ménage* (?) of woman or girl in College approached the ideal of a tiny flat—one among many—with garden and grounds, dining-hall, libraries and so on, in common, and no household cares. In hall you were one of a throng—in your own rooms you could be as free from interruption as in a private house—or rather much more so. You had only to “sport your oak” by sticking a card labelled “Engaged” upon the door. Having the arrangement of your time to a great extent in your own hands, you could try and make the most of it. You could have time to yourself—and everyone in College knew, or soon learnt, the value of time, and that other people's time must not be wasted.

Girton aimed at being the abode of disciplined freedom—at giving the girl students the same kind of life and teaching that have helped to make Cambridge and Oxford what they are in the life of men—a home of “sound learning and religious education,” of intellectual honesty and search for truth, of practical efficiency and sanity of outlook—the true democracy of self-

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control and consideration for others, of good comradeship, of "playing the game"—the true aristocracy of *noblesse oblige*, of generous outlook and wide sympathy, of sincerity, of weighing both sides, of clean living, of steadfast loyalty. In the academic tradition of self-governing existence and scientific achievement, in names that are the glory of the ages, in the share the Universities have had in national life, both through past times and in the most recent years—in all this, and in the beautiful buildings, the river, the trees, the gardens, the newcomer to a Woman's College begins to take a pride, and then to feel it all as part of her own life and as something disloyalty to which is unthinkable.

When I went back to Cambridge, it was on a definite suggestion that I should study further—in the pursuit of knowledge and of fresh truth—some of the subjects which I had worked at for the Tripos and had found so attractive, should be in fact a research student, and combine with this any assistance which I might be able to give to students of Moral Science in College. This came to include not only students working for the Tripos, but also candidates for Part II. of the Previous Examination who took Logic, during the time when Logic was an alternative to Paley. In this Little-go Logic I used to have classes year after year, sometimes numbering a dozen students or so, and I used to enjoy them greatly, and think the students did too. Out of this grew my little *Primer of Logic* (in Mr. Murray's series), which reached a second edition, and has been regularly used by several University teachers as an elementary text-book.

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And out of long consideration and much discussion grew the view of Categorical Propositions (a Categorical Proposition is just any simple statement such as, Roses are red, cards are cards), which is set forth at length in my little book *A New Law of Thought*, and in an article on the same subject in *Mind* for 1911.

This unsettled question—what is asserted when you make a statement, and what is the proper form of statement?—had deeply interested me from the time when I was a student and puzzled over Mill's and Jevons' accounts of propositions. It is a question which has been under discussion ever since it was raised by Plato in the *Sophistes*.

One of the interlocutors in that dialogue, a Stranger from Elea, refers to our common practice of affirming, *e.g.*, that a *man* is *fair, tall, just, brave*, and so on, and quotes the view of certain persons who declare that we have no right to do this, that we ought only to say, *e.g.*, *Man is man*, just is just, brave is brave, and so on—that is, that all statements ought to be “identical.” To say a man is fair, is just, is brave, is to “make one thing into many things” (Grote's *Plato*, Vol. III., p. 207). The question is keenly contested among such logicians as are interested in this part of the subject.

It would be tedious, unnecessary, and out of place to pursue the subject here. I have only said so much in order to give an instance in which I carried out a careful and long-continued bit of research, into a question much disputed, quite fundamental, and most

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fascinating to those who care for it. I reached what I think are interesting and enlightening results (in apparent accordance with Frege, whose view seems to be endorsed by Mr. Bertrand Russell), and Professor G. F. Stout, by whom this logical adventure of mine was approved and befriended, has now, I think, reached a true solution, and, with a clearness of statement which leaves nothing to be desired, has steered the labouring barque of the proposition into smooth waters. (See his lecture on *The Nature of Universals and Propositions*, December, 1921.)

At the time when Little-go Logic had become popular in College as a substitute for Paley, many students were really attracted by the subject, and when I started half-hour open Logic classes after Hall, I used to get a well-filled room, and, having occasion at some stage to refer to what I had said, found that one of my volunteers—the Lady Dorothy Howard—had taken most excellent notes. A very delightful classical student used for some time to come regularly to me for logic teaching and talk, just for her own pleasure and mine. And I remember once being greatly pleased when a Little-go candidate, who afterwards had a first in the Natural Sciences Tripos, arrived one day to have a paper looked over, and said in rather an injured tone: “Why, this Logic is nothing but Common Sense!” I understand, when Logic was allowed as a substitute for Paley, that these two subjects were regarded as affording some slight introduction to the understanding of an argument, and the appreciation of evidence. Logic is in the same curious position



THE HONEYSUCKLE WALK, GIRTON COLLEGE.

From a water-colour drawing by Miss Mary Clarke.

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as the other Moral Sciences subjects—Psychology, Ethics and Politics, and Philosophy—which deal with those great and inexhaustible interests of thought and action that concern us all nearly, and that all of us care for in some way, though often without fully realising it.

Does not everyone, for instance, want to know the difference between good argument and bad, to be able to estimate the value of evidence, to know what we ought to do and why we ought to do it, how we ought to be governed, and to have some notion about the facts of his own mind and the minds of others, and the interaction between body and mind? These subjects—little studied comparatively, looked at askance by many—have kept themselves going by their inherent interest and attractiveness, unfostered by rewards, and are now to some extent becoming gradually better understood and appreciated—this is perhaps especially the case with Psychology, the enormous interest and value of which from medical, sociological, and religious points of view, is steadily becoming more and more recognised. Now when Cambridge and England are feeling so proud of Sir Arthur Balfour, K.G., when “by the common consent of the whole civilised world” he is acclaimed as supremely able, as “wise and worthy,” as a “verrey parfit gentil knight,” students of the Moral Sciences cannot but remember with a thrill of satisfaction that it was that Tripos which Sir Arthur took, when he was at Cambridge, being a pupil of his brother-in-law and friend Professor Henry Sidgwick.

During the whole of these years at Cambridge, I

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always went on with some study of Moral Science—chiefly Logic and Ethics, partly because both attracted me extremely, partly for more practical reasons—the Logic on account of my early teaching work in College, the Ethics because I attended some advanced classes of Professor Sidgwick's, and he allowed me to do some work for him—*e.g.*, looking over papers for Girton and Newnham students in connection with his lectures, making an index for the fourth edition of his *Methods of Ethics*, doing some proof-reading for fresh editions of that work, and for his *Outlines of the History of Ethics*. I contributed constantly to *Mind* (New Series) articles, discussions, and reviews—frequently wrote papers for the Aristotelian Society, of which I was a member, and contributed also to the pages of the *International Journal of Ethics*—(occasionally, in later years, to the *Hibbert Journal*)—numerous reviews and verses to the *Cambridge Review*, and to other publications—not to mention papers for various clubs, societies, and meetings.

I lived in a delightful atmosphere, intellectually and socially. The teachers to whom I had owed so much as a student continued to befriend me—both they and their wives—and in one way and another my circle of acquaintances grew, and came to include not only Cambridge residents, but also many of the most interesting and distinguished personages among English-speaking philosophers, and among visitors to the University. Both in and out of College I had not merely acquaintances, but many friends and some great friendships—which to have had, is still to have. All this helped to



MISS E. E. CONSTANCE JONES.

From a photograph by Lafayette.

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make life very pleasant, and the thought of it, now that I am away from Cambridge, is as fragrant as the Girton roses and honeysuckle in the May Term. And in the garden of memory—my “study of imagination”—there are some whose feet no longer tread the ways of men but who

. . . come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Than when they lived indeed.

I am mindful of the old French saying, *Gardez les cœurs qu'avez gagnés*, and I keep them thus.

Up to 1896 when I became Vice-Mistress, I used to spend Long Vacations away from Cambridge, and had some charming summer visits abroad—two or three to Switzerland, and one to Brittany, and a journey down the Rhine, finishing with a brief glimpse of Holland and Belgium. On one of these occasions I travelled with two clergyman brothers, but the other times with my youngest sister—just she and I alone, or with one or two friends.

From 1890 to 1893 I undertook the office of Librarian, which at that time it was a little difficult to get filled. It was rather an arduous post in a small way, and meant some encroachment on every vacation—but I enjoyed it very much—browsing here and there and everywhere among the books at odd times, and learning my way about in the various departments—History, Natural Science, and so on. And there was a good deal of organising and re-arrangement wanted, and perpetual renewal of labels and alteration of catalogues.

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The library was to a great extent a lending library for the students, and the fine room which contained the bulk of our books at that time—the Stanley Library—was much frequented as a reading-room.

As Librarian, I had a good deal more to do with the students in general than I had had before, and when—from 1896 to 1903—I held the office of Vice-Mistress under Miss Welsh, my time and thoughts came to be more and more devoted to them and the College. It was always a matter of course that members of the staff, at first very few in number, should take their part in trying to help everything to go straight, and in such matters as chaperoning students to lectures, concerts, Union debates, and various more social functions, when required—and the resident lecturers in any department had naturally a great deal to do with their particular students, beyond what was involved in the teaching work. The duties of Mistress and Vice-Mistress as such were of course principally administrative—and it was customary for the Vice-Mistress to take entire charge in the Long Vacation, when, speaking roughly, about one-third of the students in residence came up for from four to six weeks' work in July and August. I found Vice-Mistressing very interesting, and the Long specially pleasant.

It was a time when there were fewer fixtures and distractions than in Term—there seemed more space and leisure, and it was easier to have visitors staying in College.

The garden was a constant joy. In that wonderful

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garden the most wonderful thing was the Honeysuckle Walk. For yards, sheltered from the north and the blustering west, stretches a hedge backed by small trees and overgrown with wreaths of honeysuckle, which climb almost to the top of some of the sheltering trees, and in late May and early June look heavenly to the eye and smell most heavenly sweet. A wide grass walk runs the whole length of the hedge, and makes a very favourite place for summer tea-parties. I recall that my last May Term farewell party to the students was on a fragrant evening, in this enchanted spot, with the honeysuckles in flower. Another delight of the garden, not uncommon in Cambridge, was that it was a home of nightingales, and nightingales never sang more wondrously or more undisturbed than there.

One May Term—the term before the war, I think—there was a miracle of a nightingale that used for some weeks to sing on a tree quite near my windows—it often seemed as though he sang all the night through. I heard him whenever I was awake, and at all sorts of hours. I had never before quite realized what the song of that small brown-plumaged bird could be like. Its voice seemed to fill the air—spontaneous, clear, melodious, passionate—the whole soul of the little singer pouring forth its exquisite untaught song of joy. Miss Turner, the famous bird photographer, aunt of one of our students, camped out for about a fortnight in view of a nightingale's nest in the Girton garden, and did a number of beautiful "wait-and-see" pictures of them.

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There were many owls in the College demesne, and we heard them constantly in the evening and at night, but did not often see them ; and there were more bats than I have ever known in any other place. Only twice did I actually see an owl—once perched on a roof at right angles to one of my windows, and once in the twilight of a summer dawn, when, standing for a moment at the open casement just to look out at the soft Corot greens of trees and grass, I suddenly saw motionless on the window-ledge and close to my hand a beautiful little brown owl, which had come there with absolutely noiseless flight. I made a slight movement, and it was off again without a sound.

Bats innumerable we used to see, both round about the College and on the river. And on one occasion I happened to witness an extraordinarily interesting little interlude, in which a part was played by bats. It was on a summer night in the Long, when everyone had gone down from College except myself, and I was going the next morning. I was sitting in front of a large closed sash window busy with some papers, a brilliant incandescent burner lighting up the room. The blinds were not pulled down ; I had forgotten about them. I noticed, rather casually, that relays of little white moths, attracted by the light, were flying on to the outside of the window-pane, and creeping and fluttering up the glass until they were stopped by the wooden frame-bar that crossed the window in the middle. Then suddenly my attention was attracted by something fresh and startling. I became aware that a number of small



Photo : F. Frith & Co.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

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grey phantoms were coming and going just outside the window, approaching and receding with quick, elusive, floating movements, never at rest for an instant. It seemed a most strange intrusion on the quiet darkness of the night. I "watched out" for a few breathless moments, and was able to catch the meaning of the ghostly little drama—one of life and death—that was being enacted on the other side of the window-pane. I perceived not only that my light had attracted the moths, but also that these, held up by the transparent barrier of glass against which they moved, were plainly visible from outside—that they had drawn the attention of a cohort of bats (of which they are a favourite food), and that the bats were picking off the moths from the window with unerring aim—at their leisure and to their heart's content.

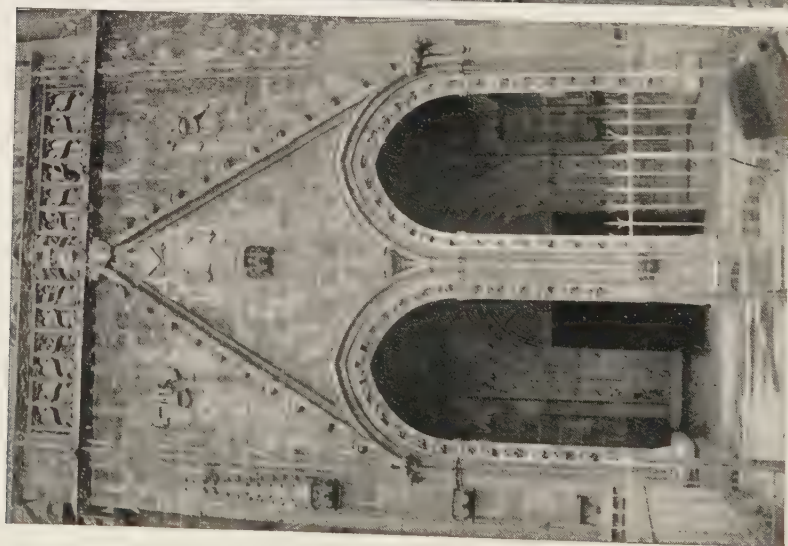
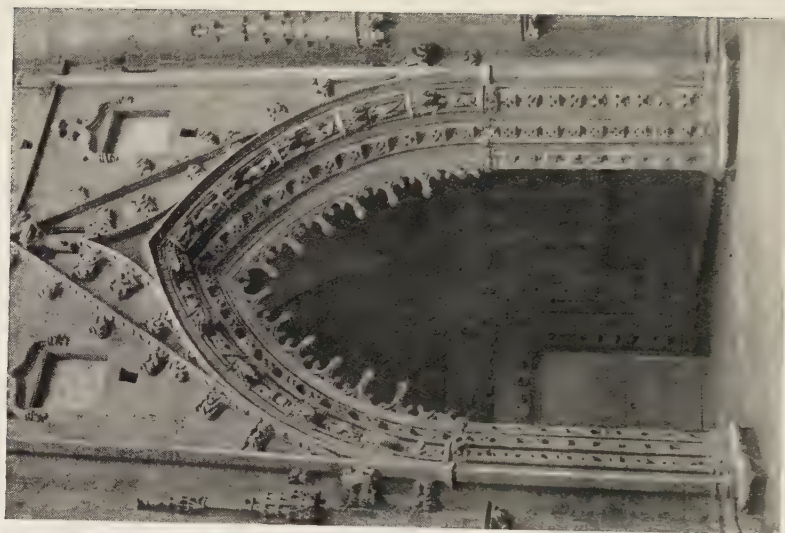
Nearly every summer during the period when I was in residence in the Long, I used to have a "children's party" (including parents), which was always arranged for the garden if possible. The children were perfectly sweet, and the students helped to entertain them delightfully. Sometimes I had Punch and Judy, or marionettes, or a conjurer. Blowing bubbles was generally one of the items, and nothing was found more attractive. I used to think these "children's parties" one of the nicest functions of the year; indeed, I was often told that they were so. Everyone, children and grown-ups, seemed to enjoy them immensely.

Several summers we—the students and staff in residence—had an afternoon picnic party down the

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river in a house-boat, and this was always rather charming.

Though the Long had its four-dimensional spaciousness, it was nevertheless a busy time, and much valuable work got done. Girton, during those weeks filched from the summer Vacation (June to October), was a much more self-sufficing whole than in Term time—those three periods of about eight weeks' duration each, into which the work and play of a University year of "glorious life" get crowded. Then Cambridge is indeed a busy hive: lectures and examinations take first place, then come games and sports, the river and the playing fields, cricket and tennis, University and social functions, garden-parties in the enchanting gardens of the Colleges, dinner-parties and evening entertainments in the rooms of the Colleges and Lodges, which must be among the most beautiful rooms in the world, some of them with oak panellings, mullioned oriels, exquisite stained glass, ornamented ceilings and a wealth of portraits priceless in interest and value. And there was much good music—organ recitals and musical services in Trinity and King's, and excellent concerts. During the time that I was at Cambridge there was a great deal of Bach and Schumann to be heard, for which every music lover was grateful. Dr. Allen, now at New College, Oxford, was for some years organist at Christ's College, Cambridge, and used to arrange the most attractive performances of Bach music in his College Chapel, with the old instruments, and no more than the necessary amount of light—as



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near as possible to the original performances ; they were quite exquisite. The great violinist Joachim, to whom Cambridge was the first University to give an honorary degree, used to come year by year to the concert of the University Musical Society, and lead the string instruments all through. His playing touched one as that of no other modern violinist seemed to do. He was very fond of Cambridge, and Cambridge always received him with rapture. I remember that at the C.U.M.S. concert that took place on the fiftieth anniversary of Joachim's first playing in public (which happened when he was seven years old, I believe), Mr. Sedley Taylor, one of the great lights of the Cambridge musical world, just as the concert ended, sprang up on the platform, waved his arms, and started an Hurrah ! and the audience stood and cheered, with all their heart and all their voice. It thrilled you through and through. Musicians accustomed to continental audiences complained occasionally of the coldness of Cambridge hearers, but Joachim never had this to complain of.

Among the most delightful of Term-time pleasures in which I had a share were two series of Reading Teas, first at Mrs. James Ward's, and later at Mrs. Archer-Hind's, both of whom were distinguished Newnham students and my very kind friends. Among those who used to come to Mrs. Ward's readings were Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Lady Jebb, Miss Elizabeth Darwin, and the Miss Kennedys ; and Mrs. Archer-Hind's parties included Miss Mary Bateson (whose

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early death was so deeply regretted), Miss Marion Greenwood (now Mrs. Bidder), Miss Alice Gardner, and Miss Olive Dymond.

For all of us at Girton (as at other Colleges) it was the Triposes and what they involved that were the great adventure, the scholarship and entrance examinations, which largely determined the material out of which the College was to be built up year after year, the teaching, the "Mays" examinations (held in June), the great test of the Tripos itself, the important issues that depended to so large an extent upon its results. To get through a Tripos examination with credit is not a test of everything, but in a general way it is a considerable test of character and of physical fitness, as well as of intelligence. I think that the students of Girton and Newnham are, on the whole, to be congratulated on the circumstance that it is to Honours examinations only that they are admitted by the University, and when I look down the list of those who worked for and passed the Moral Sciences Examination in my time, the thought of what it meant to many of them, of what they are, and are doing, is among the memories that I treasure most.

The Cambridge buildings at Girton were first opened in 1873—in 1875 they were full to overflowing; there were additions in 1877 and 1879, and the new accommodation was quickly filled up, the pressure for admission becoming very acute in 1883. There followed repetitions of the same cycle—further pressure for admission, and further enlargements in 1884, 1887,



IONA CATHEDRAL.

Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Cambridge Again

and finally the large additions which were completed in 1901 and 1902. These gradually filled up, and then began a struggle to use the existing accommodation to the utmost limit. Lecture-rooms and guest-rooms were commandeered for students, and every corner was made use of. And the College went on growing in honour and reputation, and also went on groaning under a heavy incubus of debt. The annual interest on the money borrowed for the last extension—£40,000—had been punctually paid, and every effort had been made to lessen the capital amount. In the course of eleven years—that is to say, by 1913—by strict economy in College, and yearly payments from income, supplemented by repeated and generous help from past students and other friends, £16,000 had been paid off. That left us with £24,000 still owing.

In the May term of this fateful year—1913—the Secretary of Girton received a letter saying that a friend of the writer's, who felt an interest in the College and had observed from the 1912 Report that we still owed a big sum, desired to offer a donation of £12,000 towards the extinction of the debt, if we on our part were able to produce a second £12,000 by the end of the year. This splendid and surprising offer filled us with a perfect rapture of hope, tempered by doubts of being able to get such an amount together within the time set. However, we simply determined to do our very best. Our prospective benefactor remained strictly anonymous. We did not even know whether it was a man or a woman—none of us had the slightest idea of

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anyone both rich enough and likely to be interested enough in Girton to make such an offer. Fresh hope dawned when, at a College Council Meeting towards the end of the term, Lady Dorothy Howard, a member of Council and a former student, came in radiant with a letter from her mother, Rosalind Countess of Carlisle, to say that she would contribute £4,000 towards the £12,000 required. This timely generosity both reduced the task before us and raised our spirits, and everyone concerned—the Council, the Staff, the Secretary, the Students past and present, and friends in Cambridge and beyond—faced the Long Vacation with high hopes and worked so well and so successfully that by the end of November only £2,000 remained to be got. *How* this was to be got, however, nobody knew.

One delightful student, when saying good-bye to me before going down for the Christmas vacation, begged me to let her know if, a little later on in the month, we were still short of our £2,000—in that case, she said she would write to her one really rich relation and ask his help! But about the middle of December came a letter from the Drapers' Company (one of the richest of the great City Guilds) sending us £1,000; and a few days after an unexpected gift of £500 from the sister of a former student, and within a week an even more unexpected promise of another £500, of which the kind donor sent there and then the first instalment. No words could tell the joy we felt. It seemed the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to the College. It would, at any period,

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have been an extraordinary boon ; but, coming when it did, it not only enabled the finance of the College for perhaps the first time to draw free breath, but also made it possible to face the economic pressure of the war time. When this great good fortune was an accomplished fact, we were allowed to know that it was Mr. Yarrow—now Sir Alfred Yarrow—the great engineer and shipbuilder, who had befriended us with such splendid and opportune help ; and it was his cousin, Miss Eleanor Barnes, who had first written to the College so sympathetically about his offer. Of all Sir Alfred Yarrow's munificent gifts, I should suppose that none was ever more valuable, or more valued, than this to Girton.

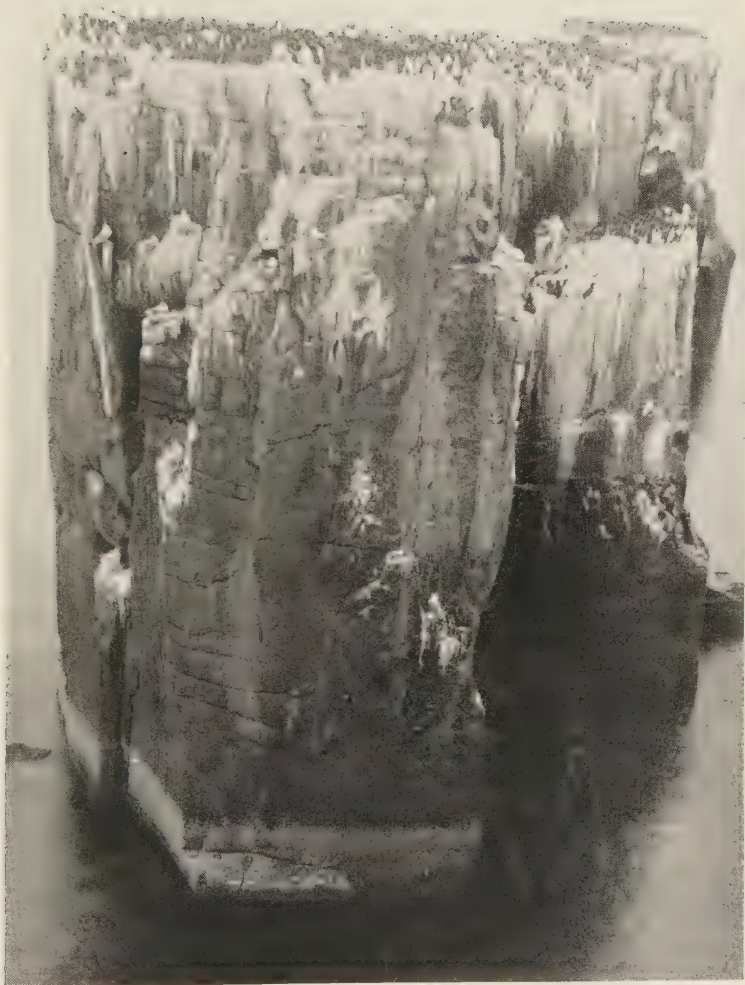
It was in 1903 that I was appointed to the post of Mistress, in succession to Miss Welsh, during whose eighteen years' tenure of office and devoted service the College had steadily grown and flourished. Her retirement practically coincided with the completion, in 1902, of the successive additions to the College buildings already mentioned ; reference to which and to the debt incurred in the final large addition, and its happy extinction in the year before the war, has led me to ramble on rather far ahead. Turning back to the years prior to 1903, I recall with pleasure and gratitude some of the lectures which I was allowed to attend as a post-Tripes student, and in particular Dr. McTaggart's lectures on Hegel. I was not able to continue going to these, but they had made me feel a great interest in Hegel, and for the first two years

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after I left Girton I spent a good deal of time working at a translation of the Greater Logic. I was not aware until afterwards of the translation of Book I. that had been made by Dr. Hutchison Stirling, nor of what Francis Sedlak had written. For other reasons, however, I had to drop my own work of translation, but I am still not without hope of possibly returning to it.

Among other very agreeable diversions in Term time were occasional after-dinner lectures in College on different subjects, sometimes on Birds (*e.g.*, by Miss Turner and Mr. Farren), more often on Architecture. The Bird lectures and the Architecture ones were illustrated by lantern slides, and they—especially the architecture—were a great pleasure to us all, which we owed chiefly to the kindness of Dr. Cranage, Mr. Samuel Gardner (a brother of Miss Alice Gardner of Newnham), and Mr. Hamilton Thompson. I think many students dated a real interest in architecture, and a great addition to the happiness of their vacation rambles, to these charming lectures.

For myself it is beautiful architecture that has been the chief source of delight in most of my vacation trips and visits in Brittany, in Heidelberg and Bologna, to which I went for Philosophical Conference meetings, and within the limits of the British Isles. If I could fill up the rest of this little book with pictures of some of the lovely buildings that I have seen, it would make it much more interesting than anything that I could write. I have a wide choice of Brittany and Bologna,



PINNACLE ROCKS, FARNE ISLANDS.

From a photograph taken by the Author.

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perhaps of Cashel, in County Tipperary, Glastonbury, of Fountains Abbey, Tintern Abbey, Lincoln, Ely, Norwich, Gloucester, Llandaff, Exeter, Durham, Southwell Minster, Haddon Hall, St. David's of Helmingham, Lady Tollemache's house in Suffolk, Old Bewick, Brinkburn Priory and Alnwick, Hexham, Bamburgh, Ford near Wooler, with Lady Waterford's beautiful picture, and other places that I visited when staying with a sister and brother-in-law in Northumberland—of Kirkwall Cathedral in Orkney, which plays such an interesting part in Scott's novel of *The Pirate*, of Banwell Church, and Banwell Abbey (the Somerset home of my friend Mrs. Murray), of Montacute, one of the most splendid houses in Somerset, the seat of the Phelps family for over three centuries, now belonging to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and Mrs. Bates Harbin's perfectly delightful place, Newton Surmairlle, near Montacute, a treasure not only of architecture but also of most beautiful furniture, of tapestry and books, and everything that makes a house enchanting—of Walsoken, Walpole St. Peter, Terrington St. Clement's, Sawston, Madingley, and other Fenland churches which I was taken to see by my kind friend Mrs. C. C. Babington; Crowland "shod with silver," Salwarpe, Westwood, Mere Hall in Worcestershire, Broadway, Postlip, Ledbury, Leominster, Peterchurch in Herefordshire. And, finally, I hope that there will be room for Launceston Church and Bodmin Font—a long-desired sight of which I owed to the railway strike in the autumn of 1919, that obliged me to travel from Mr. and Mrs.

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Alfred Sidgwick's at St. Buryan to Somerset (where I had to be on a given day) by a Land's End motor-bus, instead of by rail; and this conveyance, to my joy and surprise, stopped at Bodmin for luncheon and at Launceston for tea. The font looks much finer in reality than in a photograph, as it is large, well-placed, well-lighted, and the stone of which it is made is of very beautiful colour and consistence. It is a gem. There is no country where there is such a wealth of delightful architecture as in England. Cathedrals, churches, castles, houses great and small, beautiful old inns, manor houses, farm-houses, old almshouses, commanderies and hospitals, market crosses, market halls, bridges, Eleanor crosses, Peel towers, bars—*e.g.*, at York, Mickleham Bar; at Alnwick, the Hotspur Tower; at Monmouth, the Over Monnow gateway with its bridge across the Monnow—bridge, gateway, and river making a beautiful picture. I suppose there is hardly a parish in the length and breadth of the land where there is not some treasure of parish church or manor house or picturesque cottages, as, *e.g.*, at Ombersley in Worcestershire, or Weobley in Herefordshire. It is architecture that has been my chief joy in vacation trips and rambles, and perhaps I should reckon under that head the extraordinarily interesting remains of the great Roman military depot at Corstopitum near Newcastle-on-Tyne, which are now being excavated.

I have, of course, found many other things besides architecture immensely interesting—*e.g.*, visits to the



Photo: S. B. Bolas & Co.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

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Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast, most widely heard of, perhaps, on account of the heroism of Grace Darling of Bamburgh, daughter of the light-house keeper on the Longstone, who, kept awake one wild September night in 1838 by the raging of winds and waves, heard voices crying in the storm, and roused her father, and together they went to the help of the little *Forfarshire*, and rescued nine persons from the wreck. But the Farnes, a group of small basaltic islands opposite Bamburgh, are chiefly interesting from an ornithological point of view. Fifteen or sixteen different kinds of sea bird breed on them, including the eiderduck, puffin, razor-bill, guillemot, cormorant, lesser black-backed gull, kittiwake, herring gull, ring dotterel, oyster-catcher, and four species of tern. The picture reproduced in the book is from a photograph of the Pinnacle Rocks, on the flat tops of which the guillemots congregate and lay their eggs, while on every little ledge are solitary kittiwakes—lovely, graceful birds, the shape of whose eggs, it is said, very large at one end and very narrow and pointed at the other, is what prevents them from falling off the slippery ledges into the sea. For, if the egg is disturbed, it does not immediately roll off as a billiard-ball would, but tends to move round and round within a circle, having the narrow end for centre. The Farne Islands were the property of the late Archdeacon Thorp of Durham, and some of them still belong to his family. The present Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for the Farne Islands Association, which looks after the birds

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and their eggs, is my nephew, Mr. Collingwood Thorp of Alnwick.

Among many delightful drives, one remembers the splendid stretch of trotting-ground from Charlton to Chillingham, across the moor purple with heather, the Cheviots on the left, and the Till winding its slow course northwards to fall into the sparkling, hurrying Tweed at Twizel.

Says Tweed to Till,
"What gars ye rin sae still?"
Says Till to Tweed,
"Though ye rin with speed,
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa."

At Chillingham are the celebrated White Cattle, still wild and often savage, roaming free in their vast enclosures. They are supposed to be the descendants of aboriginal Caledonian herds. At Chillingham Castle (Lord Tankerville's fine place under the Cheviots) there are interesting pictures by Landseer of some of these cattle—creamy white, with dark eyes and muzzles, and dark tips to their horns. One of the pictures represents a scene in which the sixth Earl of Tankerville, who was reputed to be quite extraordinarily handsome, is standing with his foot on the body of a bull of the Chillingham herd, that had been opportunely shot by a keeper when in the act of charging the earl.

At Ford, not far from Chillingham and close to Wooler, are to be seen on the walls of the village school the beautiful subject pictures by Louisa Lady Waterford

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(wife of the third Marquis) for which generations of school-children served as models. This unique picture-show attracts artists and sightseers from far and near.

I recall as a very attractive experience a visit to Cattistock in 1916, on the last Thursday in July, when I went from Weston in Somerset to Cattistock in Dorset to hear the peal of forty-six bells in the church tower played by the skilled Belgian *carillonneur* Monsieur Josef Deuyn. Ever since reading Mr. Haweis' account of the Belgian carillons in his *Music and Morals* I had greatly wished to hear some carillon music, and on this July day, walking up and down in the perfumed air, under blossoming lime-trees near the church, I listened to a wonderful bell-ringing recital that filled the air above and around with floating melody. From 1885 onwards a camera was a constant addition to my rambles, and when I was in a land where some strange tongue was spoken—e.g., Breton or Gaelic or Irish—I always made an effort—for instance, at St. Pol de Léon, at Iona, at Killarney—to get a little teaching in the language of the country. It made things much pleasanter and more interesting when one could tackle the pronunciation of local names, and get some clue to their meaning.

The pleasures of my short vacations included many brief stays in London, breaking journeys from Cambridge to the north or west, and going to picture-shows (there were very few opportunities of seeing pictures at Cambridge), theatres, and occasional concerts. Of plays, it was chiefly Barrie's that delighted me most. *The Admirable Crichton*, *Peter Pan*, *What Every Woman*

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Knows, The Twelve Pound Look, the charming *Quality Street*, for the acting of which by the Girton Dramatic Society the author gave a most generous and kind permission.

On these visits I oftenest stayed with some very kind friends—sometimes for a night or two at the Great Northern or Great Western Hotel.

Turning again to Cambridge and Term time, I recall that the Society for Psychical Research, of which I became a member soon after my return to Cambridge in 1884, had been constituted in 1882, with Mr. Sidgwick as its first President, its object being to make “an organised and systematic attempt to investigate that large group of debatable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic.”

As Mr. Sidgwick remarked in his presidential address at the first general meeting of the Society, it was “a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of the phenomena which the S.P.R. set out to investigate should be still going on, that so many competent witnesses should have declared their belief in them, that so many others should be profoundly interested in having the question determined, and yet that the educated world, as a body, should still be simply in the attitude of incredulity.” To anyone interested in the matter and anxious for dispassionate and scientific investigation the starting of this Society was a most welcome event. As is well known, the Society has gone on developing steadily, and has done admirable work in the unmasking of fraud, in the service of truth, and in helping thinkers

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to deal with various topics which from time to time stir general interest. It has often seemed to me that Browning, in *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, shows a real insight into the truth of the matter. Frequent meetings of the Cambridge branch of the S.P.R. used in my time to be held in the rooms of Mr. Oscar Browning ("O. B.") at King's College, and were very interesting indeed.

At this point my sister's narrative breaks off. Only the first chapter was finally revised by her, and the fourth is printed from her rough draft. She wrote the last words on April 8, was taken ill with congestion of the lungs on April 9, and died on April 17.—P. J.



ARMS OF THOMAS OAKELEY.

(See page 5.)

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